

G. C. PETERSEN

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D. G. MONRAD

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*Scholar, Statesman, Priest and
New Zealand Pioneer*

AND HIS NEW ZEALAND DESCENDANTS

by

G. C. PETERSEN

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To the memory of
Oscar Monrad, a good citizen
of New Zealand and a worthy
descendant of his illustrious
Grandfather.



"I will set my sails according to my
convictions."

D. G. Monrad.

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G. C. Petersen.

"Risby,"
18 Batt Street,
Palmerston North.

Introduction

TO most New Zealanders Bishop Ditlev Gothard Monrad may be quite unknown; to the rest he may at best be a shadowy figure that a century ago flitted across the New Zealand scene to disappear as suddenly as he had arrived.

In the Upper Manawatu district, however, the name is well known, kept alive by the worthy descendants of the resolute statesman-priest who left a prominent place in the stormy politics of Europe to become for a time a bush pioneer in New Zealand.

In 1865, exactly a century ago, Monrad left Denmark for New Zealand. At that time the transformation of the landscape from forest to grassland, a vital phase in our history, had barely commenced. In this development he and his descendants were to play a significant part.

When in the sixties of the last century the pressure of a growing population and the need to establish overland communications made necessary the opening up of the dense forest country of the North Island the Government intensified its negotiations for the purchase of large blocks of land from the Maoris. One of these was the Ahuaturanga Block of 250,000 acres situated in the basin of the Manawatu river west of the Ruahine-Tararua dividing range. The survey and partial subdivision of this area was carried out in 1866 and 1867. It was then decided that settlement should begin by the offering for sale by public auction of an area in the most accessible part bordering the Manawatu river some miles south of the Papaioea clearing which was to become the site of the present-day city of Palmerston North. It was at this juncture that Monrad appeared on the scene as a purchaser of some of the land offered.

Monrad was a Dane who had been intimately associated with the religious and political life of Denmark and had recently led his country in a hopeless fight against the rising power of Germany under Bismarck. The bitterness of defeat, the unjust condemnation of his countrymen, his grief at the dismemberment of his homeland and his lack of faith that Denmark could now offer any future for his sons, had driven him to a voluntary exile in distant New Zealand.

His previous life and experience seemed to have ill equipped Monrad for the physical toil and privations of a bush settler, but qualities of determination, tenacity and tremendous energy combined with a ready adaptability stood him in good stead. Thus it was that from the cultured atmosphere of a Copenhagen home to a clay hut roofed with raupo and toe-toe built with his own hands he brought his wife and family to make a new life in a land which he hoped would assure his sons a more promising future.

It had been my first intention to confine this sketch to an account of Monrad's experiences in New Zealand. He was, however, such an unusual and remarkable figure that it appeared necessary that some account of his earlier life and home background should be provided to place him in proper perspective. If, however, in doing so I have dealt with European politics at wearisome length it is largely because of the interesting parallel that may be drawn between Bismarck's ruthless diplomacy and the course of events leading to the attack on Denmark, and the methods adopted by Adolf Hitler prior to the outbreak of the Second World War in 1939, in which New Zealand became desperately involved. It would appear that Hitler had recognised in Bismarck a master of unprincipled diplomacy whom he might with profit imitate. The sequence of events in both wars was the same; the picking of a quarrel at the opportune moment followed by demands for satisfaction; the cowing of the rest of Europe into adopting an ineffectual policy of appeasement with concessions forced upon the victim of aggression, and eventually an attempt by a strengthened Germany at world domination.

While Monrad did not remain in New Zealand longer than was necessary to lay some foundation of success for his own sons, the New Zealand Government noted with interest the practical way in which he and his party had met the novel and onerous tasks that had faced them, and decided to introduce to New Zealand some thousands of his countrymen who they hoped would be capable of emulating the success of their distinguished countryman.

PART I

Denmark

(i) YOUTH

AT the beginning of the nineteenth century Denmark was enjoying, as a result of the preoccupation of the other maritime nations in the Napoleonic War, a period of great prosperity. With the rest of Europe in a state of disorganisation and constant turbulence she had managed skilfully to walk the tightrope of neutrality, and her huge mercantile fleet challenged Britain's claim to supremacy amongst trading nations.

Denmark was, however, too powerful a neutral, too dangerous an unknown quantity, to be left for long in profitable peace. Like other neutral nations including Russia the Danes protected their trading ships by dispatching them in convoys guarded by men-of-war. English interference with such convoys trading with France and her possessions induced Denmark to seek relief by alliance with Russia in the Armed Neutrality Pact of 1780. This injudicious move brought a violent reaction from England. While the Russian fleet was locked in winter ice and many of the Danish warships laid up in winter quarters the British fleet suddenly appeared in great force under Hyde Parker and Nelson and the outcome of the bloody battle of Copenhagen on 2 April 1801 was the destruction of the Danish war fleet.

This disaster had a tremendous impact on the Danish people and the fortunes of their country, but worse was to come. Six years later at the Treaty of Tilsit the French and Russians schemed to use Denmark's restored and still powerful fleet against England. Although the Danes were quite innocent of any wish to injure England, towards whom they have with a curious tenacity entertained throughout modern history friendly feelings, they found themselves subjected to a second violent attack by a superior British force. After the partial destruction of Copenhagen involving large civilian casualties through bombardment they again had to witness the demolition or removal of their fleet and the wrecking of their naval establishments. It was hard for them to see their proud ships towed away into captivity and when subsequent stocktaking discovered a small frigate overlooked by the enemy they dispatched it to England with a message that it seemed to have been inadvertently overlooked by their recent visitors.

The result of these assaults by a nation with which she had no personal quarrel was that Denmark was left helpless, her maritime trade lost, and herself so weak that she was unable to

prevent the loss to Sweden of Norway, a country with which she had been united for over four centuries. She had also to cede to England the strategically important island of Heligoland. A generous suggestion from Britain that by way of compensation Denmark should take over Holland seemed to contain neither solace nor sense. The cost of the war together with a fall in the export price of corn left the country in a state of helpless stagnation resulting in poverty and virtual bankruptcy.

Such was the condition of this little country when, on 24 November 1811, Ditlev Gothard Monrad was born in Copenhagen. His father, Otto Sommer Monrad, an attorney of the Revenue Department of the Danish Government, had been born in Norway and when the separation of the two countries took place he chose to return there, leaving his family to follow when he had established a home. His health soon failed and when his wife and children arrived in Norway he was quite unable to provide for them and the family was compelled to break up. Ditlev, then eight years old, was sent to live with an aunt at Praestø in Zealand. The parting was a great grief to the mother, but she was prepared to make the sacrifice believing it to be for her son's good. The boy spent a melancholy childhood with his aunt and uncle, feeling intensely the loss of his parents. His mother had, however, implanted in him a steadfast faith in the goodness of God which, combined with a developing passion for intellectual studies, sustained him and helped to fill the lonely years of childhood.

Nicolai Sjøft, the pastor of the local church, soon recognised the boy's unusual mental ability and went to much trouble to secure his future education. With the financial help of some of his parishioners he arranged for Ditlev's enrolment at the Vordingborg Latin School where students were prepared for entrance to the university. A teacher at the school agreed to help by providing board and lodging at a reduced rate and in 1826, at the age of fifteen, the lad left Praestø for Vordingborg to commence his secondary education.

The years at Vordingborg, the romantic ancient stronghold of Valdemar the Victorious, witnessed a great development of Monrad's character. Here the sound of the nearby sea, the traditional second home of his countrymen, was ever in his ears. The lovely rich farmlands, the spreading forests and the blue waters of the fjord made idyllic surroundings for the little town. Ditlev's love for his country, which had been fostered by his mother and his uncle, deepened and took possession of him.

In one of his school essays the solitary boy described his feelings during a walk to his old home in Praestø on a spring

evening. "The birch trees were nearly all in leaf and formed a green dome over my head. I left the path and went deeper into the woods until at last I did not know where I was. The sun had already set and a friendly twilight reigned in the forest. The evening star glimmered in the west and the moon shone pensively through the treetops. I was tired and sat down under an old oak. Then I heard the bewitching tones of a nightingale nearby. The scene was so lovely that I could scarcely tear myself away. After I had wandered about in the forest for some time I came down to the lake where the water was quietly lapping the flower decked banks."

Though conscious of his own humble status, Ditlev was well aware that through a long line of clergymen and jurists his ancestors had played a worthy part in the life of Denmark. His earliest recorded ancestor, Jacob Monrad, was said to have married the sister of either the great reformer, Martin Luther, or of his wife, Katharina von Bora. He was an active figure in the Reformation and a signatory to the Augsburg Confession. When the Reformation movement triumphed in Denmark Jacob went to that country to help fill the demand for teachers of the new doctrine. Ditlev was directly descended from one of Jacob's sons, Erik, who became a Danish bishop about the year 1600. The family traditions, however, went much farther back into history than Luther's time. The earliest Monrad was said to have been a miller in Hungary who, during war with the Turks, rescued a division of Imperial troops from certain annihilation by raising a body of country folk who under his leadership attacked the Turks and put them to flight. As a reward the miller was raised to the nobility.*

It was fortunate for Ditlev that the teacher who had been prevailed upon to open his home to him was Lauritz Westengaard, a clergyman. The Westengaards treated Ditlev as though he were their own son and lavished their affection on "the treasure received from Praestø." When Westengaard received an appointment to a parish near the town of Sorø he and his wife could not bear to be parted from the boy and took him with them so that Westengaard could continue to teach him privately. In the atmosphere of peace and affection that always pervaded the Westengaard home, and of stress placed there on duty, loyalty and charity, Monrad's character continued to develop and his former childish faith, though temporarily disturbed by a study of Thomas Paine's **The Age of Reason**, was matured and strengthened.

* Benjamin Thorpe, *Northern Mythology* (1851) Vol. 2 p. 241.

The peaceful happy years spent with Lauritz and Marie Westengaard passed quickly and in 1830 Ditlev went to Copenhagen to enter theological school at the university, for he had no thought but to follow in his foster-father's footsteps and become a teacher and clergyman.

Several countries of Europe were at that time torn by political upheaval. The ideas of liberty loosed by the American War of Independence and the French Revolution had affected, in greater or lesser degree, most of the countries of the Old World, but in Denmark there was as yet little evidence of the radicalism that was convulsing France. Since 1660 the Danish Kings had been absolute monarchs, but wise enough to introduce gradually the reforms which were won in other countries only by active rebellion. The people felt no yoke and habitually looked to their monarch for guidance and protection. The few who raised their voices for constitutional reform received little support from the people. The Danes, instead of pursuing political dreams, were at this time turning their attention to cultural interests. A golden age of literature was dawning and the interest of the people in poetry, art, literature and the glories of their country's history was fostered. Nevertheless there was a gradual if almost imperceptible awakening of liberal thought which, in the quiet Danish way, was eventually to lead to an enlightened democracy of a nature unachieved by the violent political convulsions suffered by other countries.

The rise of national feeling in other countries had, however, its counterpart in the kingdom's duchies of Slesvig and Holstein with their mixed German-Danish populations. Here a pressure was slowly building up that threatened to disturb the peaceful quiet of the Danish monarchy. In the course of time even the Danes themselves began to feel a little restive under the soft bonds that held them to the will of the king, the dictator of both state and church. Religious and academic freedom had to come and the people expected that it would be introduced, as a matter of course, by their wise king.

At the university Monrad quickly distinguished himself in mathematics and the classics. Early appreciating that one could not gain a proper understanding of Christianity and the New Testament without a knowledge of the Old Testament, he studied Hebrew, Arabic and related dialects of the Near East. His lecturer in physics was Hans Christian Ørsted, the famous discoverer of electro-magnetism. Ørsted was one of the most attractive scientists of the time, receptive, completely scientific and with a gift for recognising and explaining phenomena with simplicity and clarity. Monrad was enchanted by his lectures and

later expressed regret that he knew so little about natural science for he felt that if one could gain an understanding of the laws of nature he must thereby find the true path to genuine religious faith.

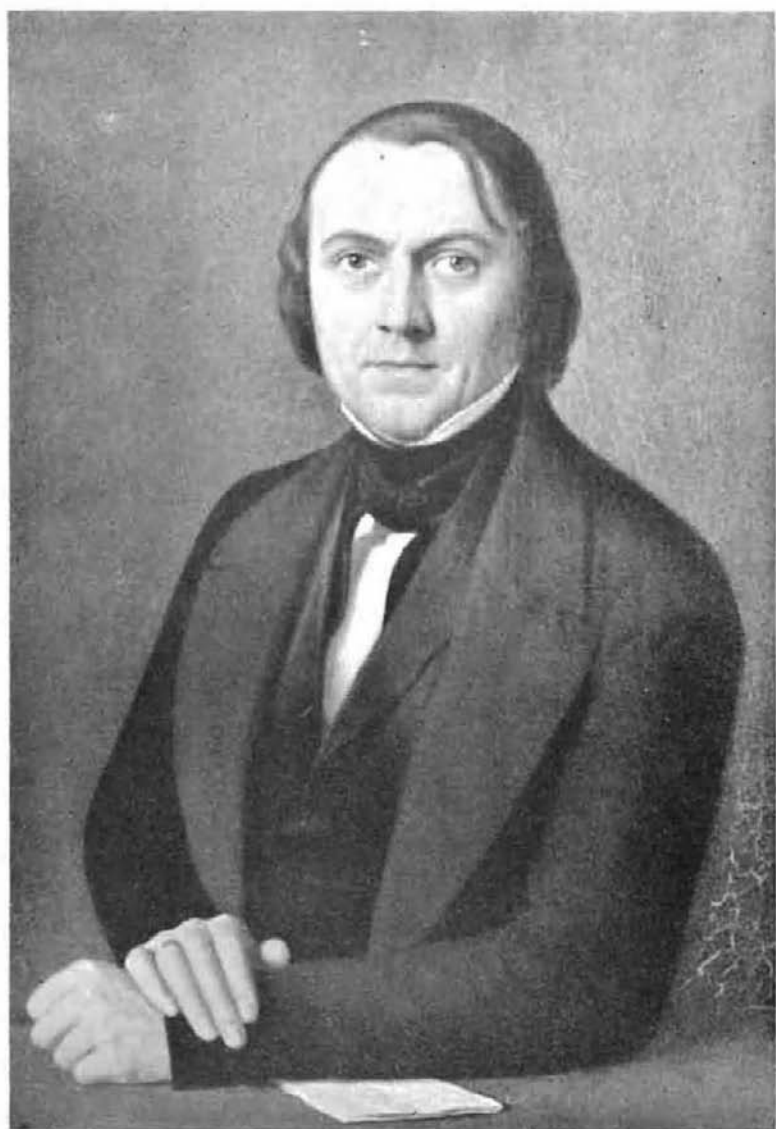
As well as winning the friendship of Ørsted Monrad became acquainted through his fellow students with some of the leading scientists, poets, clergy and military men of Copenhagen. Despite his provincial upbringing, poverty and lack of family and school connections Monrad's personal qualities made an impression on his companions and acquaintances and induced the remark of a leading military figure that "if the Lord grants young Ditlev Monrad health then all of you who live long enough will see him, by his ability, industry and ambition become a prominent man in our country."

Gradually his student friends fell into the way of seeking the company of this unfashionably-clad, quiet, studious youth with the luminous, grey-blue eyes. His talk was stimulating, his enthusiasm for ideas and ideals easily aroused, his attitude towards his teachers was fearless and independent and in spite of the academic honours he gained he showed no feeling of superiority. He was friendly and good-natured and was liked as much as he was respected by those who knew him best.

The political stirrings of the times were, as is usual, most evident in the universities. Monrad, although his interests were mainly aesthetic and theological, was attracted to the liberal movement. The university authorities, however, strove to keep the agitation outside their walls. By nature and upbringing a patriot Monrad was sensitive to the resurgence of patriotism that accompanied the slow and painful recovery of his country from the disasters she had suffered during the recent war. He joined vigorously in the discussions on her former greatness and what hopes there might be for the future. In his enthusiasm he saw that future as a glorious one which, however, could be achieved only by sustained struggle. To him the worth of victory lay in the effort by which it was won. In his circle of friends his favourite toast was "to battle and victory."

Among his associates in those days were many who were later to attain national prominence; Orla Lehmann, the most fiery radical of them all, Captain A. F. Tscherning, an army officer who had fought in the wars of liberation in Greece and whose politics were to cost him his army commission, and Carl Christian Hall who was to become Prime Minister.*

* The English term Prime Minister is used for convenience. The correct Danish appellation is *Konsejlspræsident*, president of the council.



D. G. MONRAD, 1846

—from painting by Constantin Hansen.



EMILIE MONRAD, 1846

—from painting by Constantin Hansen.

Monrad worked hard, his days and nights filled with his theological studies. His few hours of leisure were spent in the composition of music and drama and in exciting political discussions with his fellow-students. His frail constitution soon refused to continue to bear such a strain and in 1829 he suffered a breakdown in health. After several weeks in hospital he returned to the peaceful haven of the Westengaard home where his foster parents patiently nursed him back to health.

No sooner was he back at the university than he vigorously resumed his studies which increasingly awakened new thoughts calling for enquiry and expression. He was disturbed by the theological dispute then raging between the rigidly orthodox and those who claimed freedom of interpretation. The absolute hand of the state rested heavily on the teachers in church and theological school. In 1833 he thought of writing a "history of ideas" tracing the growth and development of ideas through the ages from antiquity to modern times and of their migration from the east to the west. This naturally made imperative an exploration into what still lay hidden in the untranslated writings of the East and led him to an intensive study of Sanskrit and Arabic.

Monrad's absorbing attention to his work was at that time happily interrupted at intervals by his friendship with a fellow-student, Georg Aagaard. This led to his introduction to the beautiful Aagaard home of Iselingen, which he found a place of culture and leisured calm, the perfect antidote to his feverish activity. In these peaceful and lovely surroundings Ditlev experienced his first love in Anna Aagaard, his friend's sister. Ditlev was enraptured by the charming girl whom he romantically described as "like a quiet woodland stream rippling gently among the flowers, its soft melodies bringing the peace of heaven into one's soul." Anna brought a new and soothing influence into the youth's life, one quite alien to his "battle and victory" philosophy. Her nature, like the atmosphere of her home, with its peace and charm, was entirely foreign to one that seemed inevitably to destine its possessor to a life of uncertainty, controversy and non-conformity. Possibly the girl wisely recognised that no promise of a happy future lay in the union of such a diversity of temperament, for she did not reciprocate his feelings and, much to Monrad's grief, the short romance was soon ended.

As a result of his intensive studies as well as his own personal experience Monrad retained his simple faith in God which remained steadfast and was strengthened by the passing years. "If you have forsaken the solid ground of faith," he later wrote out of his life's experience, "all your treasures of wisdom still cannot answer life's most important questions, and those treasures

suddenly appear to you as pality, poor, wretched — like withered leaves — and then the words of childhood sound like a voice of God." To him faith could only be found by reasoning. "Those who have rejected our spirit's most precious possession faith still remain surrounded by the darkness of the incomprehensible. No mortal can grasp the infinity of the space that arches our heads. We are forced to assume that it has no limits, and yet our reason cannot grasp endlessness."

In 1836, at the age of 25, Monrad sat examinations in theology. He knew the Old Testament thoroughly in Hebrew and in Arabic, and had read the New Testament in Syrian. He passed with the highest honours but with the feeling that he was "still in the midst of his studies and that not one question had been followed through to the end."

For all his engrossment in theology Monrad found himself taking an increasing interest in political affairs. The King, as some slight concession to the democratic trend of national feeling, had reinstated the old Provincial Diets, or, as they were commonly called, *Stænder*, but the decisions of those bodies were advisory only and subject to the absolute over-ruling authority of the King. Monrad's old friends, Lehmann and Tscherning, had become impatient of monarchical rule however benevolent. The King's lofty answer to complaints that the old freedoms of the people were being threatened, "We alone are in a position to know what is good for the people and the State," aroused the resentment of the mildest of the liberals, and provoked them to intensify their work for greater freedom of expression of opinion, for the right of free discussion and publicity, and the right to hold open meetings. Monrad took an active part in political debate, expressing his views with force and clarity. To him the current agitation was part of the battle that must lead to victory.

In accepting the Church with its rigid ritual and doctrine as the centre of his life's work Monrad could see nothing inconsistent with his avowed liberal views which were later to make him a leader in the movement for the abolition of absolute government. He fully expected that the same spirit of liberalism would eventually operate within the Church as within the State.

After taking his theological examinations he endured months of discouragement and depression. He was beset by worries concerning his father and family and by financial difficulties and poor health. For a time it seemed that further profitable study and the pursuit of his coveted career must be abandoned. In all these troubles, added to by his disappointing love affair, he had, however, the sympathy and support of the Westengaards. He

* *Flyvende Politiske Blade* (1839) (Copenhagen).

persevered and was able to complete and present his thesis for a master's degree. Its acceptance encouraged him to hope for a travelling scholarship and perhaps in due course a professorship in Orientalia.

It was at this time that Ditlev met Emilie Lythans, the beautiful and cultured daughter of a wealthy Copenhagen. To her he felt an immediate attraction and, to his astonishment, she evinced a corresponding feeling towards the "poor student of unimpressive appearance and uncertain future" as he described himself. Their pleasant association and growing mutual interest was interrupted by the grant of the long hoped for travelling scholarship which was for two years and available to assist him to study abroad in Orientalia. His first destination was to be Paris, but before he left Denmark he was awarded his master's degree and became engaged to Emilie.

It was Monrad's intention to include Egypt and Syria in his itinerary but he realised that before he could gain full benefit from time spent there he must do much work in Paris where the libraries were rich in Eastern manuscripts, and where many prominent Oriental scholars resided. Immediately upon his arrival he commenced his work, attending lectures in Arabic and Persian and simultaneously studying the French language and literature. As well as concentrating on Sanskrit he gave the Koran in Arabic searching examination. Working from early morning until late at night and entirely alone Ditlev keenly felt his friendless state and separation from Emilie. More than once he was tempted to return to Copenhagen to study the manuscripts to be found there, wishfully thinking to convince himself that they would now yield him greater value in the light of his studies in Paris. He also thought of the attractions of a country parsonage where he could live in peace with Emilie and continue his studies in his own way. This pleasant prospect he quickly discarded, considering that such a move would be a confession of weakness and failure and a repudiation of his obligation to his country which had financed his scholarship. He had decided to go on to Cairo and Alexandria and then perhaps to Jerusalem and Mecca, returning home via Vienna and Berlin, when news came of Emilie's illness, his father's impending return to Denmark and the prospect of added financial obligations. He quickly decided to abandon all his cherished plans and return to Denmark, but to his consternation Emilie wrote that she was not in agreement with him in this. She urged him to continue with his researches and promised her father's financial help. Monrad was too proud to accept assistance from Lythans and risking the disapproval and possible scorn of his friends he packed up and returned to Copenhagen.

(ii) MARRIAGE

ON 3 December 1839 Frederik VI, absolute monarch of Denmark, died, and was succeeded by his son who became Christian VIII.

The people had great hopes that the new King would introduce the democratic reforms denied by his father and for which they had long vainly waited. The university students, as such ever impatient, considered that the new King, thought to be sympathetic to their aims, should immediately be informed of the wish of the people. That same night they held a boisterous meeting at the Hotel d'Angleterre. Monrad was there, listening quietly to the speeches both conservative and radical. Unexpectedly to him he was called upon to speak and it was later thought that it was his address, moderate, controlled and eloquent, that carried the meeting in favour of a direct approach to the King. He and four others were selected to present a petition. The delegation was graciously received and found the new King affable and courteous. Although he promised nothing, everyone had high hopes that a new era in Danish politics was dawning, and that presently a democratic constitution would be granted.

The liberals waited expectantly. Nothing happened. Monrad, having put his hand to the political plough, felt he must participate in the battle for what he considered were the people's rights. He wrote pamphlets that were surprising in their fearlessness and clarity of thought.* He well understood the difficult position in which his country stood. In the very nature of her people Denmark belonged to the democratic countries of the West but fear of Germany and Russia prevented the Danes from openly throwing in their lot with Britain and France while, as a democratically minded and law loving people, they could not join with the despotic East. Monrad foresaw a day "when these two great principles, freedom and despotism, would be called to fight the last, the great, the decisive battle for victory in Europe and Asia, when the unparalleled world drama would unfold, in which people would be stirred, nations would rise in a struggle not for power and ambition, but for ideas and principles, and would it then be surprising if Denmark fell to the victor?"

In England he recognised, for all the conflicts of past years, Denmark's friend. He considered that if by a free and vigorous national political life his country had won the respect of the Western Powers, the latter would not seek to control her domestic life as would the totalitarian nations, but would leave her independent and free. Further, he considered that if through a constitutional development it was possible to create a Scandinavian trinity of Denmark, Norway and Sweden, the north would

* *Flyvende Politiske Blade.*

have the power to stand alone and would prove a useful ally to the West and not merely a seeker after protection.

While fully aware of the difficulties ahead of the people as well as of the personal danger and insecurity his radical utterances in an autocratic State had placed him, he was carried along by his habitual optimism and undertook the editorship of **Faedrelandet** (The Fatherland), a liberal paper which lived precariously from day to day with the censor's sword poised over its editor's head.

In May Monrad married Emilie, a lovely girl with great gifts and an exceptional cultural development, who could follow and support her husband on the stormy voyage of uncertain destination that assuredly lay before him. Carl Ploug, one of Monrad's closest friends, later wrote of the wedding day. "The fields were golden with blossoms, the buds were swelling with life and courage and hope of the coming season. And he fell to work with a strong hand sowing the seeds of freedom; high-minded, with nobility of spirit, he was the first in the ranks of the workers. And she whom he wed in the blossoming May bore him company with all her heart, keeping pace with his struggling thought."

During the lonely years of his childhood, his student days and his depressing months in Paris Monrad had always dreamed of a home as a haven, a place of peace and rest from life's worries and trials, and he was now determined that his own home should be a place such as he had found with his foster-parents the Westengaards and with the Aagaards at Iselingen. In his later writings and speeches he was continually to draw illustrations from a background of home, marriage and love. He confessed the need for conscious effort and self-denial if two strong personalities were not to be submerged, the one by the other. Without the existence of a strong religious spirit true marriage seemed to him impossible. Not to let the sun set on resentment, daily to pray the Lord's Prayer and its promise of forgiveness, to be heedful of love, watch over it, nurture it, cherish it — these were the resolutions he made and repeated when needful in the early years of his marriage, and these were his admonitions to young people in his later life. When older, he declared that he honoured in women their powerful and beneficial force in the community. Before his marriage he had declared that the future belonged to youth; now he said it belonged to women, whose influence was immeasurable. "How shall we educate youth?" he was asked. "Educate the mothers," he replied.

The knowledge that their foster-son's home was a meeting place of those who sought to clip the royal prerogative was a grief to the Westengaards, who regretted that he should take

such a strange road. Like so many of the countrymen, both rich and humble, they looked upon their King as a wise and sympathetic father of his people, and a bulwark against oppression. They remembered the excesses of the French Revolution and regarded with distrust and apprehension the dark future into which Monrad and his colleagues sought to lead them. Monrad's reply to their expressions of misgiving was typical: "It is characteristic of all great forces that they become realised through struggle."

"And will it be looked upon as incitement to rebellion," Monrad had written in his first pamphlet, "if I believe that a strong appeal should be made to the entire people in order to bring life to the dead and organise the divided nation . . . ? I can scarcely expect anything else, for there are many among us who confuse death with order because that which is dead is also very orderly and quiet; and life with anarchy, because there is movement in the living . . . ?"*

The result of this free talk was that his pamphlets were confiscated, Monrad was fined and placed under censorship for a year, *Fædrelandet* was suppressed, and Captain Tscherning, who had written in criticism of army policy, was dismissed. These penalties, more than the efforts of the liberals themselves, rallied the people to their cause. Petitions for constitutional reform flooded into the provincial *Stænder* and were referred to the King. He took no notice of them.

Other and more pressing national problems now arose, for along the southern border an ominous situation had developed and was threatening the territorial integrity of the fatherland itself.

(iii) *SLESVIG*

THE ancient and recognised line of demarcation between the lands of the Danes and the Germans was the *Dannevirke*, a system of fortifications across the neck of the peninsula of Jutland just north of the Eider river, which itself was the true geographical boundary between the duchies of Slesvig and Holstein. The *Dannevirke* had been erected a thousand years before by Queen Thyra, the mother of Erik Bluetooth, the first Christian King of Denmark. Over the centuries Danes and Germans had fought bloody wars north and south of the *Dannevirke*. Denmark now held the duchies of Holstein and Lauenburg which extended southward to the Elbe, but the Eider and the *Dannevirke* were always recognised as the legitimate racial boundary. The possess-

* *Flyvende Politiske Blade*, Nr. 1 (Copenhagen) 1839.

ion of Holstein and Lauenburg, which were entirely German in population and sentiment, while a source of pride and gratification to Denmark as being the last remaining evidence of her once extensive foreign possessions, was also her greatest weakness, providing a constant source of grievance to her powerful neighbour and, as such, a threat to her own national and political integrity. The awakening of modern nationalism and the struggle of the German states for unity and power presented a grave danger that the German duchies would not only themselves seek to draw away from Denmark, but because of old historical connections might try to take Danish Slesvig with them.*

In earlier times the German feudal nobles of Holstein had become powerful and had established a footing in Slesvig. There had followed a considerable German infiltration of southern Slesvig, and the political situation had become complicated by intermarriage between the Danish Royal House and the Holstein nobility. Eventually a Holstein count had obtained the overlordship of Slesvig, but subject to the Danish Crown. While the feudal relationship of Slesvig was with the Danish King and that of Holstein with Germany, but both subject to the Danish King, it suited the Germans, though without any authority, to recognise both duchies as an entity which they called Schleswig-Holstein. This baseless assumption, though for centuries recognised as having no actual validity, was now in the nineteenth century used to bolster Germany's claim to Danish Slesvig. With a growing antagonism between the two nationalities and the demand of the duchies for self-government the German cry for an undivided Slesvig-Holstein became real and menacing. The movement was deeply involved with Denmark's struggle for constitutional government and Monrad, recognising its importance, had given the problem and its implications his most anxious thought.

It was Monrad's hope that the Germans in South Slesvig and even in Holstein would see the advantage of remaining with Denmark, in which position they would have a much greater chance of political freedom. "If you would not let that freedom you love become an empty illusion," he wrote, "then join with us; let us struggle and suffer and conquer together."

But the King was supremely anxious to preserve intact his dominions and his dynastic rights. To this end he was apparently prepared to sacrifice the freedom and interests of even the loyal Danish Slesvigers. He went so far in his efforts to appease the highly vocal Germans as to grant them privileges that entailed

* Slesvig is the Danish and correct form. Schleswig is the German form.

the virtual suppression of Danish nationalism in predominantly Danish areas. Such attempted appeasement was to the Germans evidence of weakness, and encouraged them to increase their demands. The position grew steadily more critical.

In the meantime the King, under pressure of growing liberal sentiment, conceded minor reforms to the people, one of which was to grant to the City of Copenhagen a charter whereby a Citizens' Council was to be elected to conduct the city's domestic affairs. Monrad was elected a member and took particular interest in educational matters. He became an increasingly well known public figure, but proved an uncomfortable member of any committee on which he served as he habitually adopted a stubborn and uncompromising stand in any matter where his conscience told him he was in the right. "Even if a refusal were sure," he contended, "one should ask for what he considers true and right. There is a kind of politics that has become world-wide in public discussions; people don't say **that is right, that is disastrous, that is reprehensible**. They say **it is untimely, it won't do any good**." He hated inaction, pushed and egged others on, and would never give up. Some he irritated, others followed his lead, but it was obvious that his uncompromising directness and restless energy would deny him the possibility of ever becoming a popular leader.

The King's anxiety to retain at any cost sovereignty over Holstein led to an increasing censorship of his critics, but the suppressions and penalties resulted, in Monrad's opinion, in the wider sowing of the seeds of freedom. The liberals were encouraged to intensify their efforts to stir up the people. To live under censorship went hard with Monrad. He saw **Fædrelandet** gagged and its editors liable to fine and arrest. Orla Lehmann was expecting trial for making a speech in favour of a constitution for the country. Monrad was threatened with the loss of any employment in education or the Church if he wrote or talked politics. "Deeply rooted in man's nature," he later wrote, "is the craving for independence. We do not understand by independence breaking loose from those bonds that family and community life put upon us, or denial of obedience to the will of those above us, but we understand thereby that one freely can lead one's inner life of thought, and freely express what one thinks one ought not to conceal." He felt it was useless to put his best into articles for **Fædrelandet** that would surely be suppressed. As a consequence he issued no more pamphlets, being "too proud to eat the bread handed out to him by the censor," and temporarily withdrew from active politics, concentrating instead on providing some security for his wife and daughter, Ada, who was born in April 1841. To the dismay of

his friends his thoughts again turned to the possible haven of a country parsonage. They were successful in dissuading him, and he then recommenced writing on constitutional government and set out the form he considered it should take. He was opposed to government by classes, favouring the election of representatives of a cross-section of the people, so that each member should feel a responsibility to all his constituents. At that time not even the most progressive of the young intellectuals had dreamed of giving "the masses" the vote. They thought that the most reliable interest in the State would be found among those who bore a considerable share of its expenses. Monrad considered, however, that many of the aristocrats with their special privileges and dependency on the King were as little qualified to represent the people as were the lowest economic groups whose long hours of labour left them little time to concern themselves with public affairs.

At that time there were in Denmark very few religious sects outside the State Lutheran Church. Although the law forbade the withdrawal of members from the State Church some had in fact done so. Monrad was strongly opposed to such intolerance, claiming that the State Church could survive only if people had complete freedom to stay in it or withdraw and if it was reorganised as a community based on conviction. He felt that he who had withdrawn in spirit was in fact no longer in the Church, and that the existence of outside sects and freedom of choice would be a spur on the State Church to examine itself and conquer its shortcomings. "What great reforming influence," he claimed, "Luther had on the Catholic Church itself." "All fanaticism," he wrote on another occasion, "has its roots in a striving for a uniformity that will not permit different or opposing views to live and breathe."

His position on the school commission of the Copenhagen City Council gave Monrad an opportunity to study the educational system. He found much room for improvement and it seemed there might be a chance for him to put some of his own ideas into practice, for the Council was prepared to recommend him for the position of administrative director of city and suburban schools. The final decision on the appointment would, however, rest with the King.

In order to fit himself for the prospective position Monrad left home in the autumn of 1842 to examine the education systems of Berlin and other large Protestant cities in Germany and Holland. He hoped that his absence might invest him with a measure of political innocence in the eyes of the King that would be helpful when the appointment came to be made. He travelled

extensively, storing up all he thought might be suitable for introduction to the Danish schools, and was greatly impressed with the results obtainable from small children under enlightened tuition. "What a world slumbers in such small souls," he commented. "If only one knew how to open the hidden streams, or at least to avoid bungling, distorting, spoiling . . ." In order to understand the Dutch methods of education more thoroughly he spent time in learning Dutch, and when he went on to England he took pains to improve his English.

On his return to Denmark he was appointed editor of the weekly, **Dansk Folkeblad**. This suited him better than had the editorship of **Fædrelandet** for, he said, "a weekly can let the sun set upon its anger as upon its enthusiasms, not once, but several times." His articles in the new paper clouded any political innocence he might have acquired while abroad, and when the appointment of Director of Education came up for decision he was passed over in favour of one politically more acceptable. The Queen apparently considered that Monrad with his liberal ideas might exercise an unwholesome influence over the coming generations, a thought as disturbing to her as Monrad's suggestion of "letting the fresh air of science blow through the Church" was to the conservative theologians.

Although he did not gain the educational post he coveted, the results of his researches were not altogether wasted. He published a report containing ideas that are still of interest today. Schools, he considered, must have the full support of the community, for with it the child had three points of contact, in the family, the State and the Church. He saw the school as an extension of and a supplement to family life, and thought that one must not underestimate the significance of this life, even when it appeared in a form far from attractive.

In the instruction itself he thought it was of great importance to have the family life of the children constantly in mind, for there was the child's world, there he received his conceptions and his impressions. The morality which the school sought to teach must be applied to the surroundings in which the child lived. The more wretched those surroundings the greater the challenge. It was impossible for a teacher to know and understand a child if he did not know his father and mother and the air he breathed when he was not in school. The teacher must visit the parents, not as a superior, but as one who had a common bond with them in their concern for the child. He must seek to win the co-operation of the parents even if he went to them many times in vain, even if his efforts were unappreciated. One way to draw the parents to the school was to honour them by

formal invitations to visit and attend examinations. It seemed that many parents received a summons to the school only when they were to be reproved. It would be well if they sometimes received friendly invitations to school festivals and these should be made attractive by prizes for attendance and progress. Such ideas constituted in those days a revolutionary attitude to accepted educational methods, and are applicable even today.

Meanwhile the trouble over Slesvig-Holstein had been steadily building up, the cloud on the southern horizon becoming larger and darker. The imprisonment of Orla Lehmann because of a patriotic speech he had made in Falster had incensed the people, and the constitutional agitation had unfortunately accentuated the respective national feelings of Germans and Danes in the duchies. There the argument had more or less resolved itself into a demand that the duchies be separated and that Danish Slesvig should be more closely integrated with Denmark, leaving Holstein to retain its German affiliation though not necessarily to depart from the kingdom.

Monrad's view of the situation was that Denmark must not rely on force to keep Slesvig. He considered that the best way to make valid the Danish claim to all Slesvig was to make the people **want** to stay with Denmark and that this could best be accomplished by granting them liberal institutions. The King had different ideas. As previously he proceeded to grant the German aristocracy increased powers in Slesvig. These were promptly used to stamp out the Danish nationality. Monrad still retained his conviction that given a liberal constitution Danes and Germans could live amicably together and that differences of nationality would in time tend to become less prominent. The active attempts of the Germans to subjugate the Slesvig Danes raised however such acute racial antagonism that he was compelled to abandon this idea as impracticable and to throw in his lot with the Danish Slesvigers as against the Germans.

In 1845 a great meeting of Slesvig peasants was held on Samlingsbanke in North Slesvig to encourage the people to continue the struggle to maintain their nationality. Monrad wrote, "On Samlingsbanke the Danish flag has been unfurled as a sign of battle and if God wills it will not be furled again until the oppressed Danish nationality has won for itself its natural rights and made them secure." He saw the need to weaken the influence of the German Slesvig-Holstein party in Slesvig and unite the Slesvigers more intimately with their countrymen. Acting on his declared attitude that "I will set my sails according to my own convictions," he wrote outspokenly in his paper, many issues of which were as a result suppressed. The continued deter-

mination of the King to hold the German duchy of Holstein even at the expense of his own people caused a deadlock that finally discouraged Monrad but, like all others, he failed to foresee the revolutionary convulsion that was soon to come. He resigned his editorship, accepted a call to the small country parish of Vester-Ulslev on the island of Lolland, and left Copenhagen.

(iv) COUNTRY PARSON

THE decision to retire to a country parish surprised and shocked Monrad's old friends and political followers, but none of their arguments served to deter him. Monrad was then at the height of his reputation as a political writer. His absence from the City Council was felt to be a great loss. His way of quietly listening to others and then summing up with a practical conclusion had been invaluable. He rarely if ever attacked another's character or motive, only his words and acts. He believed that opposing views must have freedom to influence and modify each other and that discordant elements should be ignored, but used.

Both Monrad and his wife felt that they had sacrificed much when they left Copenhagen for their new country home. Perhaps most of all they missed the cultural life of the capital, where they had enjoyed the friendship of prominent people in the world of art, music and literature. In the city they had listened to Liszt and Clara Schumann playing, and had friendly association with Thorwaldsen. Both were lovers of music and art and they now tried to take with them some memories of their old friends and their work. Monrad had his artist friend Constantin Hansen paint a portrait of Emilie, and made sure that catalogues of prints and etchings, of which he was a keen collector, followed him to Vester-Ulslev.

They found their new home very different from the old one in Copenhagen or their summer house at Skodesborg on the Sound. The parsonage was small, old and dilapidated. The roof leaked. They both busied themselves in making good these deficiencies and Emilie, who was a born home-maker, soon had a home that was both comfortable and attractive.

The couple entered into the lives of their peasant parishioners and tried hard to break down their reserve and establish a real basis of friendship and confidence. "They are intelligent men with whom I find it a pleasure to talk," wrote Monrad. "There is something well-rounded, something classic in a peasant family; the separation of the family and their employees has not yet taken place." He found instances of terrible poverty where the

struggle for existence seemed almost hopeless, and was shocked to discover that some families had to sit in the dark at night because they could not afford candles. "Of course," he wrote to his friend A. F. Krieger, "I have known that such poverty exists, but it is one thing to know it, another to see it. And when I think of these conditions spread over the whole world — and often far worse than here — then it is that I feel sad, that is, sometimes — since sadness doesn't help at all. I am usually in good humour, but at bottom it weighs on me to be as well-off as I am. Yet, though it weighs on me nevertheless I expect to continue to have it as I have, and then it seems to me there is something hypocritical in it all."

Monrad did his best to help the people in a practical way and he earnestly studied their problems. He found that the islanders had little interest in politics, and he did not attempt to introduce the subject into his sermons or teaching. In 1846, however, he stood for election to the Copenhagen Staender and, much to the King's annoyance, was successful. The King, who had thought the troublesome priest safely tucked away down in Lolland, used his influence to get Monrad to withdraw, but this only made him more determined to remain and to speak his mind.

In 1847 the liberals, for what reason they themselves did not know, sensed that the King was about to produce a constitution incorporating his own ideas. They feared that if he did this they would be caught unawares without the time or opportunity to organise objection to its adoption should its conditions prove unacceptable or fail adequately to safeguard the Slesvig Danes. They accordingly urged Monrad to give thought to the formulation of a constitution that could be produced if and when the necessity or opportunity arose. Monrad doubted whether such a labour was warranted. The drafting of a constitution for the Danish monarchy was a difficult task because of the complicated position in Slesvig-Holstein with its problem of dual nationality. His hand was forced when he was sent a resume of proposals formulated in Copenhagen. He now saw more clearly than ever that the solution of the problem of the two conflicting nationalities was to bind Danish Slesvig to Denmark and let Holstein go. Only by taking that course, so contrary to the King's will, could he see the end of racial antagonisms that, more than any other factor, were exciting the passions of the people and causing pressures that would eventually result in a violent explosion.

Although stirred by these rumblings from the capital city Monrad enjoyed the quiet life at Vester-Ulslev. He found that removal from direct contact with the distractions of the political centre enabled him to view problems quietly and objectively. His

old friends visited him from time to time, and nearby Georg Aagaard had a home reminiscent of lovely Iselingen with its peace and kindly atmosphere. Aagaard shared with Monrad an interest in etchings and prints and the two joined in ordering large collections through their friend N. L. Høyen, the famous art historian and critic.

But as time passed quietly by Monrad's dearest wish, the grant of a liberal constitution for the Danish people, remained a mirage which seemed as far distant as ever. "It may come in fifty years," he commented.

(v) THE DEMOCRATIC CONSTITUTION

ON 20 January 1848 Christian VIII died and was succeeded by Frederik VII. Mindful of past disappointments the liberals did not expect that the accession of a new King would bring much change. Still, anything might happen, and they wanted Monrad with them. Thinking there might be a vital meeting of the Staender, of which he was a member, he went to Copenhagen. The new King would receive no petitions and presently produced his own constitution which in no way satisfied the aspirations of the liberals and, worst of all, treated the duchies almost as if they were a State separate from the rest of Denmark but having almost equal authority in the Government. It was clearly designed to appease the Germans whose agitation had latterly been increasing in intensity.

As soon as the provisions of the King's proposed constitution were known all classes were up in arms, and the various factions, liberals, democrats, conservatives and nationalists closed their ranks in opposition to what the King wished to impose on, rather than grant to, the people. Monrad and his group were depressed at the unwelcome turn of events and eventually decided that the best strategy would be to get as many liberals as possible elected to the Common Staender of fifty-two provided for by the new constitution. Monrad was elected, but the new Diet was fated never to meet.

Early in 1848 rebellion suddenly broke out all over Europe. In Sicily, France, the States of Germany and in Austria there was open revolt against autocracy and a demand for democratic government. In March the German-dominated Staender of Slesvig-Holstein met and forwarded an ultimatum to the King. The protests of the Slesvig Danes were drowned by the aggressive shouts of the Germans. The Holsteiners proceeded to assemble an army and the Slesvig Danes started to arm to repel the threatened attack. Monrad was in Copenhagen and attended the

great meetings held to formulate a petition to the King designed to bring about the introduction of democratic government, to take steps to bind Slesvig to Denmark and oppose the German threat to form a separate Slesvig-Holstein State. Monrad, Orla Lehmann and Tscherning were, as usual, in the forefront of the agitation. What Monrad feared most was a loosening of the ties between Slesvig and Denmark while those between Slesvig and Holstein were tightened. The King, who constitutionally had the right to choose his own ministers, dissolved the old Cabinet and a new one was appointed with Count A. W. Moltke as Prime Minister. Monrad was called upon to become a member (as **Kultusminister**) of the Cabinet. His old friends Count Knuth and Orla Lehmann were also members, while Tscherning became Minister of War.

The new Cabinet resolutely refused to grant what the Germans demanded — a separate constitution for the two duchies as an entity, and permission for Slesvig to enter the German Federation. The Holstein army invaded Slesvig. The sturdy Slesvig peasants armed themselves as best they could to oppose the invaders and soon the energetic Tscherning had assembled a Danish army to support them.

Tscherning and Monrad acted vigorously and were the driving force in the Cabinet. There was a tremendous upsurge of patriotism. All Danes were solidly behind their War Minister and were prepared to make any sacrifice required of them. The first great clash between the opposing armies occurred at Flensburg in south Slesvig. The Holsteiners and their German allies were routed and driven south of the Dannevirke.

In the meantime the liberals pushed on with their domestic reforms, Monrad being prominent in securing the freedom of the Press and the grant of a wide universal suffrage to the people. The grant of the vote to the "common people" was a tremendous forward step. He had no qualms about what the result would be. His intimate association with the peasantry during his time at Vester-Ulslev had given him a high appreciation of their natural intelligence and good sense. Being of opinion that the best weapon against an opponent was to accede to his just demands, he felt that the grant of universal suffrage would heal animosities and unite all classes.

On the field the tide soon turned and the war commenced to go badly for Denmark. The Prussians and the troops of the German Confederation joined the Holsteiners in a general offensive, and Russia, fearing Scandinavian unity, was exercising diplomatic pressure to prevent Sweden and Norway from going to the aid of the hard pressed Danes. The Danish army was pushed back north of the Dannevirke and it became evident that

it would prove a difficult task to drive the enemy from Danish soil without outside help. The people were becoming uneasy and Monrad thought it imperative, even in the middle of a struggle for national existence, to force through the grant of a democratic constitution and so restore their faith and courage. The task of drafting such a constitution seems to have fallen largely on his shoulders.

"The Cabinet's draft was an embodiment of Monrad's faith in the harmonisation of seemingly contradictory values; of his belief that authority is compatible with freedom, local self-rule with central control, universal suffrage with checks and balances, religious liberty with state concern for the spiritual welfare of the people. The enduring significance of his work can be seen in its broad concept of democracy, its inclusiveness, its diversity, its consideration for minority views. It also lies in his capacity for hard drudgery to bring harmony out of the confusion of ideas rampant in 1848, and in the balance and integrity of the structure he had so large a share in building. It [the new constitution] was designed to protect the people against the whims and uncertainties that had existed under absolute government not only on the part of the King, but also of officials, high and low, under whom many injustices had been suffered. The paragraphs were clear and sharp and gave the people security from punishment and imprisonment without proper trial. The courts were made independent, the judicial powers departed from the executive so that they could not be held by the same person. The people were assured of freedom to meet, 'publish their thoughts,' to worship God in their own way. Property rights were protected. The towns and communities were granted local self-government under the supervision of the state."^{*}

The constitution became law on 5 June, 1849, and the absolute monarchy was at an end.^{**}

The constitution Monrad prepared for Denmark drew on the experience of other lands but was closely tied to Danish life and institutions. Monrad's capacity for hard work enabled him to bring harmony out of political turmoil throughout Europe. The new constitution was a demonstration of his own broad concept of democracy and tolerance of minority views and as such gave the new structure balance and integrity.^{***}

Monrad also busied himself with further reform in the State

^{*} The Life of Ditlev Gothard Monrad: Karen Monrad Jones (unpub.).

^{**} Monrad's draft in his own handwriting is in A. P. Krieger's papers in Rigsarkivet, Copenhagen.

^{***} The new legislature took the name of Rigsdag, consisting of a Landsting and Folketing. The members of the Landsting were elected for eight years by indirect vote and of the Folketing for three years by direct vote of the people.



D. G. MONRAD, A. F. TSCHERNING, GREVE F. M. KNUTH,
COMMANDER C. C. ZAHRTMANN, ORLA LEHMANN, CARL
PLOUG

Section of Constantin Hansen's painting of the authors of the Liberal
Constitution in Frederiksborg Museum.



EMILIE MONRAD WITH KAREN, 1858

—From painting by Constantin Hansen.

Church and in education, both being within his special province as Kultusminister. His plans for the extension of the authority of laymen in church matters naturally brought him into conflict with the clergy who had previously enjoyed absolute authority in this field under the King. In the field of education he had plans for the special training of the most intelligent students, however lowly their social status, so that they might become well informed leaders of the peasantry and general community.

In November the cabinet fell. Monrad's high hopes and his preparatory work towards goals so dear to his heart came to a sudden end.

The collapse of a government that had been launched on a wave of unprecedented popularity only six months earlier seemed unbelievable, but was undoubtedly attributable to the unsuccessful conduct of the war. Russia and the western powers were exerting their utmost influence to prevent a conclusion distasteful to their individual interests. Under Russian pressure the Germans, who had penetrated into North Jutland, retired to Slesvig, but the Russians then opposed Denmark's determination to drive them out of Slesvig itself, although the duchy was internationally recognised as part of the Danish kingdom. England had given Denmark some assurances against invasion of her soil, but avoided any obligation to assist by refusing to concede that the Germans had been guilty of aggression. The Danish government was unpopular with both England and Russia as having a regrettable trend to liberalism and democracy. The Danes, left to work out their own salvation, were prepared for a fight to a finish but the combined pressure of all the other European powers was too great and they reluctantly agreed to a truce.

The people were bewildered. They were ready to make any sacrifice in defence of their country, the army was in fighting trim and confident it could drive out the invaders, the fleet had the mastery of the sea and was successfully blockading the German ports. But now it seemed that the armed forces must stand inactive while England, as arbiter for the powers, sought to force a compromise by conceding part of the Danish soil of Slesvig to Germany. This proposal seemed monstrous. Aggressors had been driven out in the past. Was Denmark to yield tamely now? Had the time come to give up the thousand year old boundary?

The Cabinet, though hardly responsible for a situation beyond its control in which Denmark was merely a pawn for manipulation by the great powers, was blamed for weakness in allowing such a position to arise. Furthermore there was a reaction inspired by the conservatives against the liberality of the new suffrage laws.

When the new Cabinet was formed it was expected that Monrad would accept membership but he refused to act feeling that a government of entirely new personnel would be more acceptable to the people. He was appointed bishop of Lolland and Falster and retired from the political scene.

Denmark's stubborn refusal to accept the terms of peace England sought to impose involved a resumption of the war which was to drag on for another three years. It is convenient at this stage, before following Monrad to his bishopric, to note the progress of the war that was to end in a military victory for Denmark and a vindication of her refusal to compromise with her formidable opponent.

As has been noted, the entry of the Prussians in support of the Holstein army had turned the scales against the Danes who sustained a succession of defeats and were forced back up the Jutland peninsula. A large Danish force was beleaguered in the town of Fredericia on the east coast and the position appeared to be hopeless. Suddenly, however, the Danish army burst out from behind the fortifications of Fredericia and after desperate fighting put the besiegers to flight. Later on 5 July, 1850, the contending armies met in a decisive battle on Isted Heath and the result was a complete victory for the Danes. This battle practically terminated the war and by the terms of the peace treaty Slesvig and Holstein remained part of the Danish kingdom.

(vi) BISHOP

Unfortunately the government of the time, elected under the new constitution, was a weak one and allowed the fruits of the military victory to slip through its fingers. To the astonishment of the people, who believed their army had won a victory that would settle once and for all the Slesvig problem, and to Monrad's horror and disgust, the peace treaty, known as the Treaty of London, incorporated a provision that Denmark would not bind Slesvig any more closely to herself than she bound Holstein. Consequently when it was sought to apply the new democratic constitution to Slesvig the Germans strenuously objected on the ground that this would have the prohibited effect of separating Slesvig from Holstein. The old argument was thus foolishly kept alive and unsettled and the Slesvig headache persisted. It was a tragedy for Denmark that Monrad, who had a clearer vision of the tangled Slesvig question than any other statesman, was not in power when the opportunity of a solution of the centuries old problem was presented to the government.

Many of Monrad's friends could not understand the facility with which he turned from religion to politics and vice versa. He

himself saw no reason why the two occupations should be considered incompatible, feeling that for the one he could draw strength from his experience in the other; that his church experience and unshakable religious faith gave him an added composure in meeting the strains to which he was subjected in the political field. When he assumed the bishopric of Lolland and Falster he felt that his previous political experiences had given him a deeper understanding of human problems and character, just as when he left his country parsonage at Vester-Ulslev to battle for democratic government he was equipped with a sound appreciation of the solid country folk whose rights he would represent and uphold.

He expressed these convictions in one of his ordination sermons. "When large issues concerning the fatherland stir people's souls, when passions are inflamed, when parties are formed and party hatred grows in the struggle, then it is only Christianity with its mild spirit, with its deep love, that can bring light into what is confused and intricate, that can point out the true direction in which we must steer on the bewildering path of the times."

The hostility engendered in many quarters by his enthusiasm for democratic reform, and the jealousy of the clergy over his appointment pursued him in his new vocation, but it was not long before the opposition which he felt "makes it possible to lay a much more solid foundation" began to give way, and it was recognised that he brought with him a freshness of approach to the task that made him a stimulating bishop.

The clergy, especially the lazy and incompetent, feared his visitations which were usually unannounced. Many of the parishes were isolated and the previous bishop had seldom visited them. Monrad, however, took a more conscientious view of his responsibilities. He drove himself about in a one-horse buggy, a short pipe in his mouth, stopping to ask a peasant for a light, picking up an old woman on the way, conversing at inns with men who did not know who he was, arriving at a parsonage just before church or driving directly to the church as the bells were ringing. He wished to know conditions as they really were, and sometimes came to the same church on successive Sundays, especially when in doubt whether a first unfavourable impression was fair to the pastor.

There are many anecdotes relating to his activities as a bishop, some of them originating from those who had experienced his anger or criticism. He could not stomach slackness, pomposity or servility, but when his outbursts at such conduct were criticised

he admitted that he by no means approved of his own displays of irritation.

One Sunday he arrived at a small rural church to find the sexton on his way to the parsonage to tell the preacher, according to arrangement, that there was no congregation and that he need not bother to come. "Tell him," said Monrad, "that there is one here, and that one is Bishop Monrad." The sexton hurried away and soon returned with the pastor who expressed regret that no one had come to the church. "The sexton and I are here and there is One Other," said the Bishop. So the service was held and when Monrad had gone without comment the minister drew a sigh of relief. "Well, that's over." But it wasn't. Next Sunday the Bishop was there again. Three or four people were assembled and when the sexton said he would call the pastor he was told to ring the bells instead and the bishop himself would preach. Meantime the parson waited wondering why the sexton did not come, and when he heard the bells he hurried to the church to find, much to his consternation, the Bishop in the pulpit.

Another conscience-stricken clergyman twice pretended to be ill but the suspicious Monrad continued to come each Sunday until there was no further escape.

There was one pastor whose sermons showed evidence of laziness and carelessness. Monrad asked him how he prepared his sermons. "The first part," was the reply, "I work out carefully, but the last part I leave to the inspiration of the Holy Ghost." "It seems to me," drily replied the Bishop, "that your part is better than that of the Holy Ghost."

At that time education, especially of the poor, was in Denmark the particular concern of the Church, the clergymen and bishops carrying out inspections and examinations. Religious education led up to confirmation. Secular education, particularly among the peasantry was confined largely to the three R's. Monrad was concerned to raise the standard of education and some of the warmest friends he made were teachers who appreciated his efforts. The teachers, almost exclusively men, were ill prepared, pitifully underpaid and often treated as inferiors by the clergy. Monrad had the highest respect for the teachers of children and hotly resented snobbishness on the part of the clergy who supervised them. He always taught his own children and considered the teaching profession worthy of any person, however talented. "I believe," he remarked in one of his parliamentary speeches, "that a very gifted man can find a use for all his powers if he will fulfil his calling satisfactorily. Merely very simply to tell the children a story so that they fully grasp it, so that it awakens their interest and stimulates their minds, requires much of a

teacher; and to lead a child easily into the world that surrounds it, demands more than one realises. Even if one took the most talented man and set him to teaching school and he exerted himself to the utmost, it would require his full time and thought . . . talent, energy, genius, ability to comprehend, ability to explain; the school can make full demand on it all, there is no quality that is not needed. It looks simple but when one tries it then it proves by no means so easy."

Monrad declared that teaching was one of his most loved occupations. He thought that only one who had children of his own should teach little children. For High School an unmarried teacher might do, but not for little ones. Through daily contact with his own children, he said, a teacher would win pedagogic insight unobtainable from books.

While concerned that the level of secular education should be raised, he never ceased to believe in the value of religious education in schools. Even after secular inspection and supervision became general he still thought visitations by the clergy had much of value for the children. He recognised that in countries where there were several religions this might be difficult and it was possible that religious teaching in schools might have to be creedless. This view alone illustrates Monrad's liberal and tolerant outlook.

The varied duties of a bishop of those days had a special attraction for a man of Monrad's nature. He greatly enjoyed his position and looked forward to a long and useful life during which he and Emilie would also have the opportunity of pursuing their own personal interests. Their house stood on the outskirts of Nykøbing, an old mercantile town on the coast of Falster where a narrow fjord separates that island from Lolland. The town, with its harbour and wharves, boats and ferries, and narrow cobble-stoned streets bordered by quaint little shops, was a fascinating place for children. There were now three children in the family, Ada, Viggo and Louise, and later in August of that first year, 1849, another son, Johannes, was born. In the large comfortable **Bispegaard** overlooking the blue sea people continually came and went and there were many stimulating visits from old Copenhagen friends. Here in their closely knit family circle Monrad and Emilie spent what were perhaps the happiest years of their lives.

Four years after they came to Falster a cholera epidemic that had ravaged Europe reached up into Denmark and struck the little town, claiming nearly a hundred victims. Monrad played a courageous part in fighting the disease, directing his efforts mainly to the poorer quarters where it was most prevalent. His

efforts were long remembered with gratitude and admiration by the people whom he served.

With his future as a country bishop extending so attractively before him it was not easy for Monrad to decide what to do when in the autumn of 1849 he was asked to be a candidate for the Rigsdag, the first national parliament. The only considerations that induced him to assent were his anxiety to see the new constitutional government, in the launching of which he had played so prominent a part, set well on its course, and Slesvig's position, which concerned him intensely, well secured. He made it a condition, however, that he could agree to represent the constituency only if the people to whom he had special obligations as their bishop, were prepared to elect him unopposed. Peasants and townspeople alike supported him and he was sent to Copenhagen without opposition.

Monrad attended the first session of the Rigsdag in January, 1850, to find himself back in the familiar maelstrom of politics with his old associates, Lehmann, Tscherning, Hall and others. He alone of the recognised political leaders refused to espouse the views of any particular party. He sought consistently to lessen party differences, urging all members to regard questions from a practical and conciliatory point of view, forgetting animosities and working together for the general good of the country. His habitual approach to a problem was quietly to clarify the issue in his own mind and then to use all his eloquence in support of the course which he considered would lead to a proper solution. It was to this non-party liberal that the House often looked for guidance when in difficulty.

A contemporary historian provides an interesting description of Monrad as he was in those days. "He was in his best years, in his forties, and by his external appearance alone gave an impression of vigour and power. The strong full face, the chestnut-brown wavy hair, the deep animated eyes drew attention at once. The days he delivered his important speeches were festive occasions for the House. He united as no one else could through insight in the matters he discussed and the product of careful thought with a captivating delivery. The depth of his thought, his poetic fervour, his caustic wit, made him on his best days an almost irresistible opponent. But for all his admirable qualities he was not loved."

Monrad was remarkably free from party prejudice, his distinction being due not only to the reforms he introduced and brought to completion, but to his break from party politics, his practical approach to problems and his conciliatory character. Despite the respect he commanded Monrad was never a leader in the true

sense; he never had a party behind him and was never a generally popular figure. His power was such, however, that he could take up an unpopular issue and force it through the House, the members yielding, often unwillingly, to his logical reasoning and personal persuasion.

In those early and formative days of the democratic constitution passions were still hot and narrow political aims seemed to dominate the assembly. For all his efforts Monrad felt he could effect little towards bringing his colleagues to accept a statesman-like attitude towards real national issues. The country was still at war and the people never seemed to attain a clear conception of Monrad's attitude regarding the Slesvig question. Although he had over and over again declared himself as in support of Slesvig becoming an integral part of the Danish kingdom, the people still considered that his inclination to compromise on even unessential details was a sign of unreliability. Orla Lehmann, the idol of the people, was far more acceptable than the cleverer Monrad. Lehmann had three ideas to which he adhered unswervingly and unyieldingly throughout his life—freedom, Slesvig and the North; these they understood and they loved him for it.

The victory at Isted and the expulsion of the Germans raised the patriotic feelings of the people to fever pitch. The subsequent failure of the political leaders to exploit the military success and achieve a settlement that tied Slesvig irrevocably to the kingdom was a bitter anti-climax, the reason for which the people could not understand. Monrad had no part in the negotiations though he expressed his fixed opinion that Denmark should demand close union with Slesvig and leave it to the Holsteiners to accept or reject a similar relationship. He greatly deplored the unhappy conclusion which left the political situation much as it had been before the war. It must not, however, be assumed that Denmark was alone responsible for this unfortunate outcome. Danish democracy was regarded by the great powers, particularly Russia and Germany, as a menace to be kept within strict bounds, and any extension of the democratic constitution even into Danish Slesvig was repugnant to them.

A reactionary Cabinet which now sought to ignore the constitution of 1849 and to abolish the suffrage laws brought Monrad, depressed by the terms of the peace treaty, back to fighting form, and he proposed an address to the king expressing no confidence in his ministers. Monrad was the only one with the courage to present it to the assembly, and when it was brought to the king's notice he ignored it. The government took swift vengeance on the trouble-maker by revoking his appointment, which was a Cabinet one, as Bishop of Lolland and Falster.

(vii) INVASION OF HOLSTEIN

NEWS of Monrad's dismissal from his post was received with consternation and regret by the people of his bishopric. The general feeling was that he had been punished by a petty-minded and vengeful Cabinet which ignored the feelings of both people and Church. Monrad regretted having to leave the folk to whose service he had hoped to devote his life as soon as he could be rid of politics.

From Falster the family retired to Hummeltofte near Copenhagen where Monrad had purchased a beautiful home with adjoining farm lands. He greatly missed his usual associates and in his disappointment and frustration turned again to his former studies. He felt more convinced than ever that, to use his own words, "the richest and best life in all the world is to be a good country pastor."

Popular outcry against the Cabinet's attempt to assume absolute powers and ignore the constitution at last alarmed the King and led to its fall. It was expected that Monrad, whose stand against its abuse of power was now vindicated, would be nominated a member of the new Cabinet but he was, to his disappointment, passed over. Carl Hall, the new Prime Minister, appointed him supervisor of all primary schools and teachers' training seminaries, a minor but not displeasing post that renewed his association with his old friends in the schools of Lolland and Falster.

Monrad soon brought new ideas and methods into the educational system. He was instrumental in effecting legislation providing for funds to aid schools in poor communities, for evening schools, increased salaries for teachers, old age security, the raising of teaching standards and general encouragement of suitable people to join the teaching profession. In discussing the matter of the training of teachers he remarked that "the knowledge one gives to teachers is a spring that flows to many, an investment that returns benefits to many."

It became apparent that his effort to improve the status and conditions of teachers was resulting in the latter taking a greater pride in their profession than previously. The new liberalism in educational control encouraged the free expression of new ideas and of these Monrad was quick to take notice. He strongly opposed a revolutionary proposal that persons should be admitted to the profession without examination, that all required of them should be to satisfy the school board as to their fitness. While admitting that examinations were a poor measure of

knowledge and ability he could not see that anyone who possessed the necessary standard of ability should find the examinations difficult, and he thought specific requirements important and a valuable spur to study, which might otherwise become vague and uncertain.

One of Monrad's most important innovations was the opening up of the teaching profession to women, who had hitherto taught only domestic subjects to lower classes in the cities.

These changes naturally attracted criticism. Educators accused Monrad of merely creating forms without thought to content, to curriculum and method when what was needed was a new spirit. As usual Monrad agreed with his opponents and then proceeded to draw their teeth. "The true spiritual and cultural life," he contended, "which we all should like to see penetrate more and more deeply into the schools, is something we cannot create by law; it must come through the spirit in which the teaching is carried on—the warmth, the loyalty, the love—these cannot be infused into the schools by law."

The educational laws introduced by Monrad made possible the flowering of a new free spirit in the public schools. A new respect for the profession and higher standards in the rural elementary schools were the direct result of those regulations about salaries, security, libraries and increased training opportunities which he had succeeded in establishing.

The political confusion which had followed the virtual suspension of the constitution by the Cabinet gave the Holsteiners an opportunity to raise their voices, claiming an increased authority in the affairs of the State. In this they were encouraged by the constant interference of the German Confederation which through its tenuous rights in Slesvig sought to meddle in affairs that were no concern of Germany. During this stormy period Monrad was for a time **Kultusminister**, but felt he had been unable to effect much. He was then called upon by the King to form a new Cabinet but he refused to accept the position of Prime Minister and on his insistence Carl Hall was so appointed. Monrad became Minister for Church and Schools and for Internal Affairs. During his period of office, which he regarded as perhaps his most fruitful, he tirelessly pushed forward various proposals for the improvement of the educational system.

The Slesvig-Holstein trouble continued to overshadow all other issues. There was increasing pressure from Germany for concessions in Holstein and on behalf of the German element in Slesvig. In a manner that has become familiar in more recent years Germany always refrained from making known her total aims,

always hinting at further concessions that must be considered when the present requirements had been satisfied. Monrad still nursed the vain hope that he might induce Holstein to co-operate with the Danish people, and always strove to make it obvious to the watchful foreign powers that Denmark was trying to do all she could towards a reasonable solution. He reflected ruefully "that the 'right' of the stronger always extended further than that of the weaker."

Out of all the shouting and confusion it had become increasingly clear and definite that all the Danes wanted was a kingdom of the Danish people and they would be quite happy to see Holstein go whither she wished. The Prime Minister would not, however, take up a definite stand. In his weakness he tried to please all parties, which "soft" attitude encouraged the Germans to become more clamant in their accusations and demands. This was not Monrad's idea of statesmanship. His belief was that the task of the Government was to curb extremes and distinguish between true public opinion and fickle public excitement that vanished when put to the test. "Let us hold fast to what is **right**. If public opinion does not go in this direction, then it will have to resign itself to changing."

Yielding to Germany's bellicosity the European powers including England again brought pressure on Denmark to make further concessions to Holstein which would, in Hall's opinion, amount to the virtual domination of Denmark by Germany. The impatient Danish Peasants' Party was urging an end to the business by the definite incorporation of the duchy of Slesvig into the kingdom. This Denmark was unfortunately bound not to do by the agreements following the close of the war. In the hope that by relinquishing the portfolio of Internal Affairs to Lehmann the position might be eased, Monrad retired to a less prominent position in the Cabinet. '

At that time Lord John Russell, the British Foreign Secretary, was favourable to the Danish Eider stand, that is the Danish claim to a southern border at the Eider river with the whole of Slesvig regarded as an integral part of the kingdom. Germany's demand was, in short, that Denmark had no right to legislate for Slesvig and that the German language should be restored to a dominant position even in purely Danish North Slesvig. The Danes placed much confidence in England's friendship and sense of justice. The betrothal of the Prince of Wales to Princess Alexandra, the beautiful daughter of Crown Prince Christian of Denmark, and her visit to England had won all British hearts and, while the Danish Cabinet was well aware that such unions no longer had

the political significance of absolutist days, yet English Press comment was so favourable to the Danish cause and Lord Russell's insistence on the Danish King's sovereign rights in Slesvig so definite, that it was a bitter blow to Danish hopes when the Foreign Secretary unexpectedly produced a plan that would in effect give the Germans all they demanded at that time, and quite overlooked the assurances of England and other powers in the recent peace treaty that Danish sovereignty over Slesvig was fully recognised. "Denmark's worst enemy could not demand more," was the Danish reply to Russell's proposal.

The reason for this sudden change in the British attitude was that Queen Victoria, whose sympathies were entirely German, had brought her influence to bear against what was to her a distastefully favourable inclination towards Denmark. Although the proposal, which roused anger in England, was later dropped, the harm had been done. Germany promptly expressed herself in favour of what were to her Russell's "reasonable" terms. This virtual, if temporary, abandonment of any support by England convinced Monrad that nothing was to be hoped for through England's mediation. His firm opinion now was that Denmark should seek alliance with Sweden and then be prepared to defend herself to the last. The alternative was to give up all thought of independence and submit without struggle to all Germany's demands. What the English people could see, but Russell would not, was that Germany's concealed motive was to get the harbours of the duchies in German hands as the foundation for a new German sea power which could thereafter be used to challenge England's supremacy at sea.

In the months that followed Monrad did his best at the cost of some suspicion of his motives, to obtain alliance with Sweden. All the sympathies of Sweden were with Denmark. She acknowledged that the Eider was the frontier of the North, but without some concrete advantages to herself would not translate her sympathy to a willingness to help pull Denmark's chestnuts out of the fire.

In September 1862 Otto von Bismarck became Prime Minister in Prussia. Until the real character and aims of this powerful figure became known it was felt he might favour a more conciliatory attitude toward Denmark. In the following month, however, the Danish Baron Blixen-Finecke received a letter from him which indicated that he had already formulated his plans for Germany's role in world politics and that no consideration for Danish rights would be allowed to interfere with his scheme. "Now I am Minister here," he wrote, "for us the last arrow is in the quiver. If you will take it upon yourself to forge Scandinavia into one

nation, then I will unify Germany. Then we will form a Scandinavian-Germanic league and be strong enough to rule the world; religion and culture we possess in common, also the languages are not too different. But tell your countrymen that if they are not inclined to fall in with my plans, then I might be forced to render them powerless in order not to have an enemy at my back when I have to attack at other points."

Many Danish politicians to whom Blixen showed this letter thought it merely the vapourings of a transitory junker-politician who might be here today and gone tomorrow. They did not recognise Bismarck as the man of blood, iron and power, and master of diplomatic cunning and ruthlessness he later proved to be.

Monrad still retained and expressed his former view. His goal was the preservation of Slesvig and, above all, of the Slesvig Danes for Denmark; but if war had to come then he was determined that it must be fought with obstinacy and endurance to a finish.

Bismarck's insidious and deceptive type of diplomacy soon became apparent — a sweet reasonableness coupled with reiterated demands for what he knew Denmark could never grant. In the face of opposition the demands became successively wider, more unjustified and outrageous. England's policy seemingly continued to be to seek a solution of the problem by persuading the weaker to appease the stronger by acceding to demands even though they were designed to deliver Denmark's independence into German hands. Denmark obstinately refused to submit and the war clouds gradually grew darker. The unhappy little country was not prepared for war and any defence steps she now took, such as calling up men for training, were loudly condemned by the Germans, who had assembled the strongest armaments in Europe, as evidence of aggressive intentions, of bad faith and proof that Denmark had no intention of coming to a peaceful agreement.

At this critical stage the Danes were greatly heartened by a speech made by Lord Palmerston, the British Prime Minister, in the House of Commons on 23 July in answer to criticism of Russell's policy and proposals for settlement of 1862. He insisted that the British Government had not changed its policy, that it was still important to maintain the integrity and independence of the Danish Monarchy; the German Confederation had a right to have something to say in Holstein, but as to Slesvig he maintained that the Confederation had no rights whatsoever, no greater rights than it had in Spain or Portugal or England or

Russia or any other independent State. He did grant that the Confederation had an **interest** in Slesvig, due to the German population there, but that was a subject for discussion, not for the use of force. He was sure that in spite of the resolution the Confederation had passed, it would have sense enough to keep the peace. It was no use to try to hide the fact that what lay at the bottom of the German plans and her desire to join Slesvig with Holstein was the dream of a German fleet and the wish to turn Kiel into a German harbour. He was convinced that if any violent attempt were made to overthrow Denmark's rights and interfere with her independence, those who made the attempt would find in the result that it would not only be Denmark with which they would have to contend.

These were fine words and were perhaps rather wishfully interpreted by the Danes as meaning that England would not see them stand alone if they were actually attacked.

The Danish Government at last determined that the wrangle must be settled once for all and on 13 November 1863 an Act was passed effecting changes in the constitution which were interpreted by Germany as effecting the incorporation of Slesvig into the Danish kingdom in breach of the fatal provision of the Peace Treaty of 1852 which provided that Slesvig should not be more closely incorporated into the kingdom than Holstein. Monrad was in favour of this enactment which he considered carried into effect his contention that Slesvig in its entirety must be regarded as part of Denmark. Whether or not this Act amounted to an infringement of the peace treaty agreements, the step was an unwise and dangerous one which gave the Germans fresh ground for outcry.

Throughout the anxious months that followed increasing pressure was made on Denmark to accede to German demands in order to preserve the peace of Europe, entirely of course at Denmark's expense. What the total and final German demands were to be was never disclosed to the Danes who were now becoming desperate and were prepared to turn in suicidal fury on their persecutors regardless of the fact that Germany was now the most powerful military force in Europe.

As a last concession to Britain's wishes the Danes agreed not to oppose the entry of German occupying troops into Holstein. They were confident that having done this they could rely upon intervention by England, and perhaps Sweden and France, if the Germans made any attempt to invade Slesvig.

On 24 December 1863 German troops entered Holstein and, in accordance with the undertaking given, the Danish army

withdrew across the border into Slesvig. The Germans immediately regarded their action as conquest, not occupation, and declared the German Duke of Augustenburg as Duke of Slesvig-Holstein. All officials loyal to the Danish King were dismissed and all signs of his sovereignty removed.

Monrad was amongst those who were agreeable to the evacuation of Holstein and its occupation by the Germans pending the holding of an international conference as proposed by England, which it was hoped would settle the whole question, but he was emphatic that if a single German crossed the Eider into Slesvig the Danes must fight.

The crisis in Holstein which daily increased in intensity with the continuation of the outrageous conduct of the Germans in the course of occupation of the "conquered" territory, combined with the Danish Premier's indecision and apparent lack of appreciation of the critical position, caused the utmost political and public confusion in Denmark. The King eventually took the matter into his own hands, accepted the resignation of Hall and his Cabinet, and called upon Monrad to form a new one.

Monrad had the greatest difficulty in getting a Cabinet together. The old members, obsessed by personal jealousies and suspicions that seemed to render them oblivious of the present danger to their people and country, refused to co-operate even though the Germans were now proposing to "occupy" Slesvig. Monrad was compelled in desperation to form a Cabinet of inexperienced nonentities, knowing full well that practically the whole burden of leading the country through what appeared to be an inevitable and hopeless war would fall on his own shoulders. He was further hampered by the knowledge that he did not possess the full confidence of the people and that even his old associates in the fight for political freedom were standing aside waiting to pounce as soon as he made a mistake. The fact that his Cabinet would be of no help in carrying the burden was widely recognised and deplored, but little help was offered. Carl Ploug wrote in **Fædrelandet**: "We are not accustomed to such poverty . . . It would be good if at least one other in the Cabinet could test Monrad's conclusions and support them . . . It will be clear to everyone where the honour belongs and where the blame falls. He will have full responsibility. If he possesses and deserves sufficient confidence, then the people without anxiety can for a time see the power in the hands of such a Cabinet . . . We believe that Monrad has the right to such confidence, though we know that he is not very popular . . . No one can deny that he is one of our most mature and most tested public personalities and few or none have in their

career given so great promise of security for the time ahead. What he is reproached for is his never-resting and colossal activity, his tendency suddenly to change his views under the pressure of circumstances, and his desire to work his way forward by devious ways . . . Just as Monrad's past demonstrates his superior ability and broad insight, so it affords entirely satisfactory assurance of an honest and unselfish patriotism and of manly courage to stand firm in a dangerous situation. It is on this everything depends . . . If he should make obvious mistakes in his choice of methods for the safety of our country, then let us try by all means to stop him, but until we see him err, let us support him and lighten his way as much as we can in the difficult task he has undertaken."

So no one was prepared to offer counsel and support and even his old friend Ploug was one of those ready to pounce if he thought Monrad had made a mistake. It seemed to Monrad that the sturdy Orla Lehmann was the only one on whom he could consistently rely.

Monrad urged the convening of the international conference proposed by Britain before blood should be shed. Germany was clearly disregarding her obligations under the Treaty of London which it was the duty of the powers to support. But yes, Germany was agreeable to the conference provided Denmark first made concessions in her favour that in effect decided the very issues that were to be deliberated at the conference. Russell weakly urged Denmark to accept these monstrous conditions. Meanwhile Germany was openly making preparations for the invasion of Slesvig as though no negotiations for a conference were proceeding.

Germany's next move was to present Denmark with an ultimatum that the November Constitution providing for the incorporation of Slesvig into Denmark be repealed, taking care, however, to nominate so early a date for this to be done that it was manifestly impossible for the necessary constitutional steps to be taken to effect the repeal. The net was closing and Monrad made desperate efforts to prevent the outbreak of hostilities. He agreed that his Government would repeal the constitution so far as its reference to Slesvig was concerned if there was agreement as to what was to replace it. Lord Paget, the British Minister in Copenhagen, in reporting on his discussions with Monrad, commented on the contrast in the conduct of the representatives of the two parties to the controversy; the Danish Government making every concession, the German powers rejecting every conciliatory overture, so that one could only

come to the conclusion that they "are only to be satisfied by the dismemberment of the Danish Monarchy."

Germany swiftly completed her preparations for war. Armies far larger than were necessary for the occupation of Slesvig were on their way to the north and it seemed clear that they must be intended for the conquest of Denmark. Awake to the danger the Government warned its Army commander in Slesvig, General Christian de Meza, to be prepared for an attack without any declaration of war.

De Meza had stationed his main forces behind the ancient fortifications known as the Dannevirke. These consisted largely of earthen ramparts which were a relic of the Viking Age. They were not of great military consequence having been weakened and partly obliterated by natural erosion and lack of maintenance during the passage of the centuries. Belatedly the Army had commenced strengthening the old earthworks and the work was now being feverishly carried on. For all their military weakness the old ramparts were psychologically of the greatest importance as marking the southern boundary of Danish soil, the bulwark not only of Denmark but of the Scandinavian North. Here on this traditional boundary the Danes had always taken their stand against their powerful enemies to the south and had again and again driven them back. Now, fortified by the assurance that Slesvig was guaranteed to the Danish Crown by foreign powers they were prepared again to shed their blood in defence of the fatherland. Their soldiers were greatly outnumbered but surely England and Sweden would send help, and they knew their own fleet could in summer protect the flanks. And there they stood awaiting the assault, David facing Goliath.

But if Monrad thought that Denmark's stand would be supported by a clear recognition by the powers of the justice of her cause, and a condemnation of Germany's aggressive intentions as demonstrated by her conduct in Holstein, he was to be disillusioned. He had yet to discover how small a role justice and right played in determining the policies of the larger European countries, and of how little avail were honesty and conscientiousness on the part of small nations when they stood in the path of expediency.

(viii) WAR

ON the evening of 31 January 1864 the German leader, General Wrangel, notified de Meza that as Denmark had not acceded to all Germany's demands he had orders to occupy Slesvig and would commence to do so within six hours. De Meza



RETREAT FROM THE DANNEVIRKE

-- from painting by Simonsen.



Mansell Collection

ATTACK ON DYBBOL

replied that he must defend any aggression. Bismarck, following his usual procedure, gave the Danish general no time to consult the Minister for War in Copenhagen, or even to withdraw his army, his purpose being that the Danes should have to resist and thereby be blameable for opening hostilities.

The King and Monrad left together for the front on the day that Wrangel sent his message to de Meza. On examination of the Dannevirke defences Monrad was shocked and dismayed at their obvious weakness, the new works being incomplete and incapable of being successfully defended against a modern army. There seemed no doubt, however, that de Meza was prepared to fight stubbornly against the threatened attack. Unfortunately it seemed that the general's strategy was based on the use of the fortifications as a defensive position and not as a base for aggressive action. He allowed the Germans to cross the Eider river, which was the Slesvig border, and abandoned the fortress of Rendsborg without any effective resistance. Soon the enemy appeared before the Dannevirke itself.

The first German attack was flung back but increasing pressure drove the Danish outposts back on the main fortifications and the Army was soon in danger of encirclement. Fears for the King's safety were expressed by the staff and he left with Monrad for the north. Both believed there would be a vigorous defence, but Monrad had no confidence that the Dannevirke could be held for long. He feared that the defenders, amongst whom was his son Viggo serving as an infantry lieutenant, might suffer a major defeat.

Meanwhile the Danish people anxiously awaited news of the impending battle confident, in their ignorance, that a victory would be won. Monrad and the King were at Sønderborg when a midnight message came for the Prime Minister. He had the King awakened and then told him the shattering news. De Meza had evacuated the Dannevirke without battle. No reason was given for this astounding decision. No one had been consulted and no instructions had been issued by the Minister for War. The King, however, soon indicated that he approved the evacuation. Monrad sensed that he alone would be the scapegoat. The retreat must have seemed to him one of the greatest misfortunes that could occur, for much of his diplomacy had rested on a sturdy defence of the ancient boundary.

The retreat from the Dannevirke was one of incredible hardship to the bewildered troops who had expected and were ready for a pitched battle with the enemy. It was midwinter and a north-east gale was blowing across the frozen countryside. As the columns of men marched onward in the midst of a snowstorm

that piled deep drifts across the roads a desperately fighting rearguard protected the main body from the attacks of the swiftly following enemy. At Sankelmark the Army turned at bay and at a cost of seven hundred men hurled back the Germans. At last the troops reached refuge behind the fortifications of Dybbøl and Fredericia and on the island of Als. The Army was intact, but Slesvig was lost.

As Monrad had foreseen, he was blamed for the decision to abandon the position on the Dannevirke, and was unjustly considered to have betrayed his country. When he and the King reached Copenhagen they found the city in a tumult, the people in a frenzy of grief and rage at the unexpected disaster. To a crowded and hostile assembly he gave, when he could make himself heard, a simple account of his impressions at the front and of the situation there as he had seen it. He deplored any hasty judgment on de Meza, though he agreed that the general should have to explain why he had taken so extreme a step without consulting the Minister for War. "For myself I declare," he stated, "that though I will never yield to street tumults, yet I am willing to resign if such a wish is expressed by the country's representatives."

Monrad's fearless manner before Parliament impressed many and **Fædrelandet** commented next day that it was not possible after many years' acquaintance with his character but to believe that he spoke the truth and was personally innocent of any responsibility for the retreat. But the crowd was still furious. They stoned Monrad's house and threatened his life.

There is no doubt that Monrad was guiltless of the accusations made against him but suspicion was not altogether allayed and uncritical historians even today are apt to reiterate the popular though baseless belief that he was responsible for ordering the evacuation, or at least must have had something to do with it. De Meza was dismissed and Monrad agreed that this was only just, as the same military reasons for the abandonment of the position existed when he and the King were at the front as when the actual decision was made by the general and his staff. Nevertheless the general had not suggested to them any reason for retreat, nor had he consulted anyone in authority on the matter before issuing his orders.

When Monrad had sought to induce the Government to exert its full power to drive the enemy out of Slesvig, he had clearly seen that Denmark's only chance of survival was if one or more of the neutral powers considered it would be in its or their own interests to checkmate the Germans. Unhappily the only diplo-

matic genius of that time was Bismarck, though many did not as yet recognise him as anything more than a braggart Prussian junker. Bismarck had long before fixed on his objective but was careful to conceal his ruthless determination behind a screen of half-truths, protestations of reasonableness and denunciations of the aggressive Danes. As early as 1862 he had stated in a letter: "The whole Danish business can be settled in a way favourable to us only by war. The occasion for such a war can be found at any moment we find propitious for waging it." His main problem was to choose a moment when Denmark could be made to appear in the wrong, and possible foreign intervention thereby avoided. This time had come in 1864 when the November Constitution incorporating Slesvig was made to appear a breach of agreement by Denmark, and when the rigours of winter bound the protective fjords with ice and the Danish fleet was thereby hampered in supporting the Army. This was the "propitious" time. By clever intrigue Bismarck had obtained some assurance that Denmark would obtain no foreign aid, he had obtained a limited alliance with Austria whereby he provided himself with the most powerful military force in Europe, he had cowed Sweden, Denmark's most likely ally, into impotence, he had occupied Slesvig professedly as a "pledge" only, but his actions demonstrated that he had no intention whatever of returning the duchy to Denmark.

The invasion of Slesvig and later of North Jutland stirred England deeply but her reluctance to commit herself was excused by Bismarck's assurances that the occupation was merely temporary and was necessary in a military sense to protect the German Army from attack by the Danes, whose resistance, he claimed, alone adequately proved that they were the real aggressors.

The Danish army was holding strong defensive positions on the German right flank at Dybbøl and Fredericia. It was from Fredericia that the Danes had sallied in 1849 to rout the enemy and drive them from Danish soil. But the discrediting of de Meza and delay in appointing a supreme commander to succeed him, the known weakness of the Government and the overwhelming superiority of the Austro-Germans in men and arms had sapped some of the spirit of the Danish Army staff who, week after week, had awaited the attack. They hoped for flanking sortie from their defensive positions never eventuated. The men were ready enough to fight but leadership was wanting and there seemed a tendency for the staff to let their political views override their military duty and judgment. It was thought by some

that probably a policy of non-resistance might be best for Denmark.

Recognising the danger of the Danes bursting out from Dybbøl in a desperate and possibly damaging attack, Bismarck again sought to exert pressure on them through England, knowing full well that if it was thought that the voluntary evacuation of the fortress would end the war England would be tempted to take the easy way out of her embarrassing situation and persuade the Danes to retreat once more. When Talleyrand, the French ambassador, heard of Bismarck's scheme he expressed surprise that England should propose anything so unfavourable to the Danes. "Denmark," he said, "obeying the councils of London has evacuated Holstein, the line of the Eider, the line of the Sli and is now to be pressed to evacuate Dybbøl!"

Monrad now had an additional burden to bear. He knew that the people in general were behind him in their determination to make any sacrifice to see the fight out to the end, but the King's inclination was to make peace. In this the King was supported by various factions which attributed all kinds of ignoble motives and intentions to the harassed statesman, had nothing of comfort to offer, but were ready to load on his shoulders the blame for any misfortune.

During this time the enemy were steadily building up their forces before Dybbøl where 30,000 men of the Danish army prepared to resist a violent assault. In reply to the importunities of the British ambassador Monrad declared that they would resist to the last extremity and would accept neither armistice nor negotiation until the enemy were at the very walls of Copenhagen. "Germany wanted war," he told the Swedish Minister, "and she will have it to an extent she did not expect. Germany expected to bring little Denmark down easily and to have finished with her in two months. She has to do with a people who for their independence will die to the last man. Do you know what our soldiers say in speaking of their comrades who fall in battle? They do not say 'They are dead,' but 'They have preceded us'." When asked on what terms Denmark would accept a truce he replied, "As soon as the Germans have left Slesvig." But the garrison at Dybbøl was already outnumbered two to one and further Austrian forces were moving up.

Monrad had by now reluctantly abandoned any real hope that the neutral powers would attack Germany with anything but words. When news came that the Austrian fleet was coming northward Sweden refused to assist the Danish fleet to protect the entrance to the Baltic because that would mean war, but promised to help "diplomatically."

Dybbøl was now under bombardment, the active defence the Danes offered being branded by Bismarck as further aggression. At the end of March Monrad agreed, under continued pressure, to a conference between the warring and neutral powers. Germany had still not disclosed her ultimate objective although it was now obvious that it went far beyond rectification of the grievances which she had professed as the reason for the outbreak of war.

The severity of attack on the fortress was steadily increased, and the Danes learned to their cost the superiority of the enemy armaments. Bismarck had provided his new army with rifled artillery and small arms more powerful than those of any other European country. The German cannon were able to bombard Dybbøl across the Broager fjord which protected its flank, blasting the defences to pieces each day without suffering any effective reply from the shorter ranged Danish batteries.

On 28 March the first great attack commenced. Silence fell and out of the darkness there suddenly appeared thousands of Germans, shouting wildly as they rushed towards the outer bastions. Soon firing was heard all along the front, the sharp fusillade of musketry and the boom of cannon from the fortress. The Danish reserve forces on the island of Als moved up to support the defence, battalion following battalion, cavalry pressing on infantry and batteries pressing on after cavalry. Soon the walk broke into a run and swiftly and eagerly the columns advanced to the defence of Dybbøl. Gallenga, the London "Times" war correspondent, reported that night, "The Germans have attempted to storm the whole Dybbøl line and have been fully repulsed, so completely foiled and worsted, indeed, that it is questionable whether they will renew their attacks for some time to come."

The German chagrin at their repulse was shown when they now commenced to bombard Sønderborg, an open unfortified town on Als. "The Danes," reported the London "Times," "are furious at what they call a dastardly outrage, a breach of all the laws of war, a departure from the principles of modern civilisation . . . The Prussians, they say, are not content with achieving by cannonade what they durst not effect by assault; but their very cannon are not pointed at the breasts of men standing up in their own defence, but against a miserable crowd of women and children."

The conference was to commence in London on 11 April. On the 10th the Germans opened up a bombardment more furious than before. Then, at the request of Germany, the conference

was adjourned until the 20th. Bismarck wanted no conference before he had achieved a decisive military victory.

Throughout the next three days and nights the terrific cannonade continued. Each day more than 7000 shells rained down on the position. The Danes replied vigorously but the fortifications were largely destroyed and the defenders were given little opportunity to repair the damage. To avoid great loss from the inferno of explosions most of the weary defenders left their dug-outs and trenches to sleep in the frozen fields at night, returning to their posts before first dawn. The destruction of the defences was so great that the hope that Dybbøl would still be in Danish hands when the conference commenced rapidly faded.

The Prussian King now commanded that the position be taken without delay. He was "tired of the flabby conduct of the war in which one went round fortresses like a cat round hot porridge." He needed possession of Dybbøl in order that Europe should have a respectful appreciation of the power of the new Prussian army. The Danish army was in good heart but Lundbye, the Danish War Minister, was weakening. He had doubts as to whether it was essential to hold the fortress, and gave ambiguous instructions to General Gerlach, the commander.

On the morning of 18 April the enemy took Dybbøl by storm. As day broke they launched a mass attack, catching the defenders by surprise before the main body had reoccupied their positions behind the almost flattened ramparts. Four hours of desperate attack and counter-attack resulted in the Danes being driven out of their positions. Struggling hard to cover the retreat of the main body, the rearguard withdrew over the bridges to the island of Als and then blew them up, leaving behind 1400 dead and 3000 prisoners. General Gerlach had through illness been unable to take an active part in the battle, and his successor, General Du Plat, was shot down as he directed the hand-to-hand rearguard fight at the bridgeheads that ended the battle.

The loss of Dybbøl shook the nation as had the evacuation of the Dannevirke. Monrad had been blamed for the loss of the Dannevirke without resistance; now he was blamed for not having ordered the abandonment of Dybbøl before the troops were exposed to a bloody and hopeless battle. Had he been instrumental in the evacuation of the fortress without a fight he would have been even more bitterly condemned. He freely took his share of the responsibility of insisting on a defence to the end and of over-riding Lundbye's inclination to retreat before a major attack was launched.

Though Dybbøl was lost the war was not at an end. The two

months' defence of the fortress and the final catastrophe had cost Denmark 5000 men but her army was still largely intact and there was no disgrace in the defeated. "The defence," wrote Henning Hamilton, the Swedish Minister at Copenhagen, "will stand as a shining point in the annals of the Danish Army."

Denmark's greatest fear now was not the next attack of the enemy, but what would happen at the London Conference.

(ix) *THE LONDON CONFERENCE*

HAVING achieved his immediate military objective, Bismarck no longer sought to delay the conference. Germany could now talk from a position of greater strength and look with confidence to the outcome of the negotiations. Over the conference table would be fought the last decisive battle for Danish Slesvig.

At this critical moment Denmark was suffering from a poverty in political leadership such as she had never before experienced. In 1848 the ascendant liberals had vitalised and united the nation and led it to victory. Now the petty squabbling of little men who put their political jealousies before the country's weal, the shifting of responsibilities from one to another and the persecution of the scapegoat dominated the scene. In his Cabinet of burdensome misfits Monrad had no one to whom he could turn for help in the hour of his country's extremity. His first inclination was to go to London himself, and it might have been better for Denmark had he done so, but it was decided that A. F. Krieger who had been one of Monrad's colleagues in the old national-liberal days, and Quaade, the Minister for External Affairs, should go. They would also have with them at the council table Torben Bille, the Danish Minister in England.

Denmark had high hopes that now that Holstein and Slesvig were being blatantly treated as German lands and not as occupied territories while Jutland had been plundered and Als and Fyn threatened with invasion, it must be recognised that Denmark had been the victim of an aggression that was intended to go much further than the original expressed intention of Germany merely to occupy Slesvig until the political dispute had been settled. But in fact these matters seemed to count for very little. Bismarck soon showed his true nature at the conference and was greatly assisted in his planned course of annexation by what he openly described as the weak attitudes of Lord Russell, the British Foreign Secretary, who presided.

The neutrals regarded the German inroads as a *fait accompli* and were not disposed to discuss any question of violation by

Germany of the guarantees contained or implied in the Treaty of London which, following the war of 1849 had recognised the integrity of the Kingdom of Denmark including Slesvig.

Again the Danes were pressed by Britain to accept the German demands that they lift the blockade of German ports and surrender the whole of Slesvig including Als before a truce could be agreed upon. While these terms were under debate the Austrian fleet was permitted by the British to pass through the Channel on its way to attack Copenhagen. When it reached Heligoland the fleet was met by the Danes, decisively defeated and compelled to scuttle to safety under the guns of the British fleet. This victory was popular in England but had little effect on the outcome of the war. There was plenty of sympathy but no help for Denmark.

The French sponsored proposals that the future of Slesvig should be decided on a nationality basis. This may in modern times seem reasonable enough, but at that time the nationality of its subjects was of little moment in the eyes of a European power, least of all Russia. In any event the proposal was quite impractical for to carry it out in such a way as to ensure a free vote the total withdrawal of German troops from Jutland and Slesvig would be necessary, a course to which Bismarck would never agree, although for a time he talked "reasonably" about it. In any event a plebiscite would inevitably mean the transfer to Germany of ancient Danish soil into which the Germans had infiltrated until they were in a majority, thereby leaving thousands of Danes permanently under foreign rule. Denmark was not yet ready to face such a sacrifice.

In all the negotiations attendant upon the London Conference Russell continued to take the easy course of assuming that the Danes had already been conquered, which they had not, and urging on them the necessity of appeasing the enemy. In this way Denmark was induced to abandon at no gain to herself her major advantage of mastery of the sea and the blockade of the German ports. While Russell, on Danish insistence, was trying to get the German representatives to define their total demands, Bismarck was impressing on his delegates that they must avoid doing this very thing. No subterfuge was beneath him. To prove a point indicating the alleged duplicity of the Danes he had his delegates produce as evidence a warning declaration to Denmark which, in fact, had never been issued. The unceasing reiteration by the Germans, contrary to all evidence, of Denmark's guilt, evoked no remonstrance from Russell.

At home in Denmark Monrad followed closely the course of the conference and sought to prevent his increasing bitterness of

heart from clouding his judgment. "There was a time," he wrote twenty years later, "when the Danish people had a vivid feeling of their right, and that their right was Denmark to the Eider; when they believed right was might, and were convinced that Europe in the end would not let that right be trampled under-foot." It was on such a conviction that the Danes had agreed to a conference, but now they found their simple belief was being rudely shaken.

Despite Russell's efforts the Germans could not be induced to say what would satisfy them, what their real aims were. When Denmark, on Russell's insistence, would concede a point as a contribution towards a settlement, Germany would accept the advantage and make a further demand. Russell would then hold Denmark to her concession and urge satisfaction of the further demand though still without any assurance from the Prussians as to where their requirements would end. The neutral delegates were little more than onlookers of this tragic farce, and Bismarck was determined that they should have no hand in dictating the terms of peace.

Out of all this sickening welter of demands, threats, high protestations, brow-beating and insincerity it became clearer than ever to the Danes that Germany's object was still what had always been intended — full possession of all Slesvig and domination of the quarter million Danes living there.

Russell finally informed the Danish delegation that England would propose the surrender of Holstein and southern Slesvig, and this was the only solution the neutral powers would support. This open evasion of the powers' assurances of Denmark's rights in Slesvig and of the terms of the London Treaty came as a severe shock to Denmark. Monrad demanded some understanding of the details of the proposed arrangement which, if carried into effect, would amount to a dismemberment of the kingdom. It was then proposed by Russell as part of his plan for settlement that the new boundary should follow approximately the Sli-Dannevirke line which would give Denmark a frontier providing a good line of defence. Even so the sacrifice to Denmark would be great as the duchy's best harbours would go to Germany. Monrad, realising that he could no longer depend on Britain's support in his efforts to preserve the integrity of the kingdom as a whole, saw that the time had come when he must modify his former stand and consider Russell's proposal.

Monrad's original firm stand that no Danish soil must depart to Germany was the natural product not only of his own patriotic feelings, but of the reiterated declaration of his people that they

would fight to the last for Slesvig. He was convinced that they would rather take up the war again than give up any large part of it. German Holstein had been voluntarily evacuated and it was only to keep the Germans off recognised Danish soil that they had resisted by force of arms the first attack. It would be only with the greatest difficulty that he could get the King and his Cabinet to agree to a settlement on the basis proposed by Russell and the French.

The Germans were, as usual, prepared to agree to this solution "in principle" but wanted the line further north, deeper into Danish territory. The Danish delegates would not leave that vital matter to be settled by the neutral powers, and insisted that their own Government must know exactly what line was proposed before it could be asked to commit itself. The position now was that the Danes with the hard-won acquiescence of their King and Government were prepared to accept "in principle" Russell's proposal for a partition of Slesvig on the Sli-Dannevirke line. Bismarck had also accepted the plan "in principle" but now absolutely rejected it. Disconcerted by Bismarck's opposition Russell now abandoned his own firm proposal and urged that Denmark should agree to make a further concession of territory. The Danes declared that they would not be pushed too far, that there was a point beyond which their country could not go.

Critics who may allege that Monrad's attitude at this juncture was unrealistic should bear in mind that he had to take the King with him in deciding to make any concessions to Germany. Krieger recognised this difficulty. It was in King Christian's inability to recognise the necessity of giving up any part of his ancient kingdom, in his blind faith in the supremacy of legalised dynastic and territorial rights over the new principle of nationality, that Monrad's powers of negotiation found their limitation.

As soon as the Government's agreement to a settlement on the basis of Russell's proposal became known in Denmark it was met with a storm of disapproval and protest. The plan went far beyond what the people ever imagined possible. They might grudgingly have agreed to let Holstein and Lauenburg go but the partition of Slesvig and the surrender of thousands of their people to the Germans was unthinkable. Neither they nor Monrad's political opponents could bring themselves to face the realities which were, of course, that Denmark could not hope to sustain her position by force of arms and was compelled to

rely for her salvation upon the unstable and uncertain goodwill of the neutral European powers.

As has been mentioned Russell had no sooner been informed of Denmark's acceptance of his own firm proposals than he abandoned the idea of a settlement on the basis of the suggested boundary. He now acted as though the Danes had agreed to Bismarck's demand for a line further north encroaching deeper into Danish territory. At the same time he exercised further pressure by declaring that none of the neutral powers would go so far as to fight to secure a just determination for Denmark. This made it clearer than ever before that the neutrals were seeking to save face by forcing Denmark's acceptance of German's incessant and increasing demands whatever they might ultimately be.

Monrad informed Britain that if she was not prepared to stand firm on Russell's plan, which his country had in good faith accepted, the Danes must decide that they had nothing to gain by remaining in the conference and must withdraw.

The Prime Minister, who had been responsible for Denmark's attitude on the successive matters under discussion at the conference, was now accused by his own people of acting as a dictator. It was true that he had on occasion acted on his own responsibility, but not of choice. There was no time at which he had to such a degree wanted the support of Parliament and the assurance that his Cabinet had the confidence of the people. A battle of wills ensued between Monrad and the King but the latter stubbornly refused to summon Parliament so that the position might be placed before the people's representatives.

It was obvious to Monrad that his country stood alone and unless by some miracle an acceptable basis for peace could be achieved she must resume the fight. She might lose the whole of Slesvig, Jutland and Fyn and even the other islands, but with Danish command of the seas he considered that she would be impregnable in the island of Zealand, the heart of the realm.

It was in this dispute over Slesvig that the idea of the importance of nationality was first recognised, if only as an expedient weapon wherewith to belabour the Danes. In modern times this Danish claim to all Slesvig is apt to be treated as equally obnoxious as her claim to the old feudal right to German Holstein and Lauenburg. But Slesvig was recognised Danish soil on which the Germans from across the border had encroached and settled. Most of the people were Danish. To relinquish any part to Germany would mean placing Danes under German rule.

Would it be more unjust for the Germans to remain under Danish rule? "Yes," protested Bismarck. "That would mean oppression of Germans." But in voluntarily yielding Holstein Monrad had accepted this new principle that nationalities and races might be free in a free world in which international law still must be the basis for peace and for freedom, and he had done this at a time when the powers which demanded it of Denmark would have repressed by force every movement to carry out that principle by the racial minorities within their own dominions.

Monrad took his stand firmly on a partition on the Sli-Dannevirke line, which he contended was a just boundary and which provided his country with the only possible militarily defensible border, although the Germans sarcastically commented that the Danes had not proved it such. He saw no prospect of his people voluntarily agreeing to accept a division further north.

At various stages throughout these long and wearisome negotiations Monrad had given thought to his resignation. But to whom could he safely transfer his burden? He could find no one with broad enough shoulders, and the King refused to accept the resignation of Cabinet. He therefore considered that in his stand he had the support of King and people, at least of all those who were realistic enough to appreciate the critical position of the nation. He had no choice but to carry on to the tragic culmination that now seemed very close.

On Saturday, 25 June, the Danish **Rigsraad** assembled and Monrad read the following message to the members:

"The threatened position of our country and the extraordinary expenditures which the war already has brought and which its continuance will require, has made it necessary to summon the **Rigsraad** in order to obtain its approval of the actions of the Government and its consent to steps being taken to raise the necessary funds. It is not we who have called forth the war. We are conscious of having done all in our power to avoid it. We have been fallen upon by a superior enemy on the pretext that we have not fulfilled what was agreed to in 1851-52. Before the outbreak of war they refused to meet in a conference of the other signatories of the London Treaty in order to negotiate amicably. After having taken possession of the greater part of the peninsula they met, but declared themselves now no longer bound by those agreements of 1851-52. In the short period of our existence as a Parliament we have had bitter experience how little clear right in our time weighs in the European political scales, and how, forsaken, the King and his loyal people can stand against a mighty enemy. When England, supported by all

the neutral powers who have a seat at the London Conference, proposed that we should cede all the land belonging to the Danish Monarchy south of Sli-Dannevirke we resolved to make this sacrifice which was so painful to us. This sacrifice has not been accepted by the German powers. We cannot sacrifice more. We have replied to the demand to do so by saying **No**, firmly convinced that our No is also that of the Danish people. May God turn the hearts of those who hold the fate of Europe in their hands! May He let sympathy in at least one place grow into forceful co-operation!"

(x) *THE LOSS OF SLESVIG*

ON the very day that Monrad read his fateful message to the **Rigsraad** the London Conference came to an end and the German artillery opened a bombardment of the island of Als, the last remaining part of Slesvig in Danish hands. The Conference had broken up with the usual German protestations of their conciliatory spirit while the Austrian delegate, Count Apponyi, declared that "the insurmountable obstinacy with which the Danish Government has refused to fulfil its obligations and to show justice toward the King-Duke's German subjects has deeply wounded German honour."

Quaade for Denmark expressed the Danish Government's surprise that the treaty that had been agreed to a few years before and which was designed to guarantee the integrity of the Danish Monarchy as an essential condition for the political balance of Europe and to provide for its future preservation, would not be upheld by the united support of all who had taken part in its completion. So far as Slesvig was concerned the Diet of the German Confederation had already in 1823 recognised that this duchy stood entirely outside the influence of that Confederation. Notwithstanding, Prussia and Austria had invaded Denmark's non-German lands. The Danes had been prepared to make great sacrifices to bring peace and had agreed to accept England's proposals based on the division of Slesvig on the Sli-Dannevirke line, but a settlement on this basis had been refused.

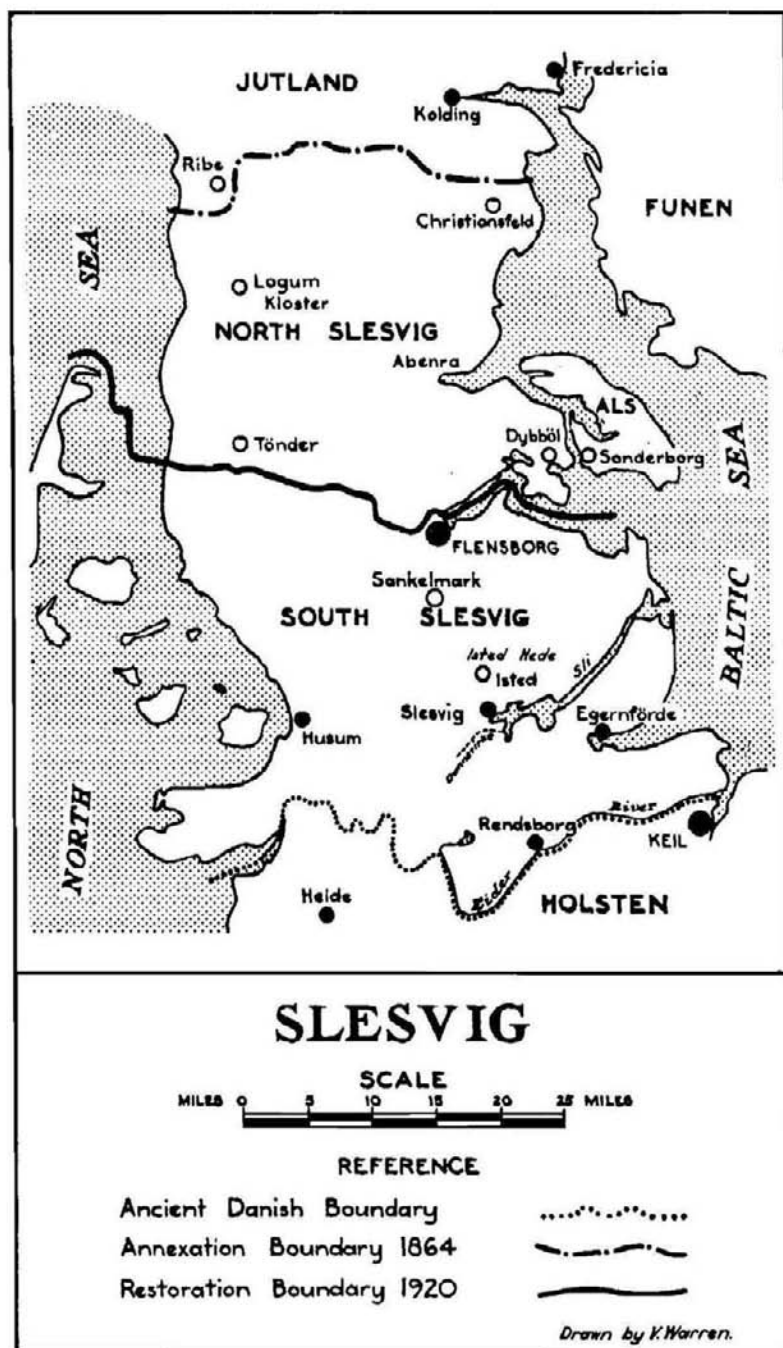
On 22 June Lord Russell, in the course of a letter to Sir George Grey (Secretary of State for the Colonies), made the face-saving comment: "I can only tell you that the Germans and Danes showed themselves equally determined to avoid committing themselves to any proposal that could lead to peace; the Austrians and Prussians trickily and evasively as their manner is, and the Danes obstinately and stupidly as their manner is." Lord

Palmerston's comments to the Queen were that the Danes were the most obstinate people he knew, they were not an intelligent race. Queen Victoria, who had determined to follow the course her late husband would have taken, had throughout expressed ardent approval of the German attitude. She now condemned Denmark for "insanely and incredibly" refusing every proposal made, she overlooking the fact that no definite proposal that Germany had unreservedly engaged to honour had ever been made, while the proposal for settlement that England had made had been accepted by the Danish King and Parliament. So far as Russell's and Palmerston's opinion of the Danish character are concerned it may be true that the Danes showed lack of intelligence in persisting in the belief that strong powers would honour their pledges when the test came, and in accepting at face value Russell's undertaking to stand firm on his own proposals. It is also possibly true that they are an obstinate race, but a people who had since the dawn of history successfully defended their small country against the attacks of powerful neighbours must necessarily have developed such a character, and to it owe their survival as a nation.

Monrad at least had the comfort of knowing that the decision to resume the hopeless fight had not been his alone; it was the resolution of the government and the will of the people. Denmark still regarded England as her best friend and her people still retained the conviction that Germany's renewed aggression must bring England in on their side. Surely there could not be to England or any other power a principle more dangerous than that it should be lawful for a stronger power, whenever it had a demand upon a weaker neighbour, to seize part of its territory by force of arms!

Immediately Germany resumed the attack Denmark re-established her naval blockade of the German ports and Monrad appealed to the other European powers for aid claiming that "at the conference our conduct has been stamped by a sincere desire to arrive at an agreement even were it only to be obtained by the sacrifice of incontrovertible rights, but not for peace at any price."

The Germans moved swiftly. On 29 June they made a powerful attack on Als, driving back the Danes in heavy fighting and forcing them to embark and leave the island in the hands of the enemy. The Germans were now in possession not only of the whole of Slesvig, but of Denmark except for the eastern islands. The usual post-mortem was held and it was found that the commanding general on Als had in the disposition of the Danish forces followed the instructions of the War Minister which were



to have first care for the safety of his troops and material. These orders were unknown to either Monrad or the Government. Monrad blamed himself for not having taken steps to become more intimately acquainted with the military position, but he could not do everything. The story of the loss of Als was yet another illustration of the weakness and disunity of the Cabinet.

The feeling in Denmark following this last reverse was one of profound depression. "I am under no illusion," said Monrad. "If I am President of the Council it is only by the grace of the impossibility of finding a successor. I stay because to retire would have the air of fleeing responsibility and condemning my own acts."

In the meantime Britain's attitude was being debated in the House of Commons. In a motion of censure Disraeli, as Leader of the Opposition, accused the Government of intense incapacity. "The Government wavering between peace and war," he said, "had invented conduct consisting of menaces unaccomplished and promises never fulfilled." Lord Salisbury had earlier commented, "It would perhaps be too much to say that any of the despatches that have been published formally and absolutely pledge England to go to war, but they exhaust the English language to contrive threats that just fall short of that. They hint that she will, they disclose that she may, they refuse to say that she will not . . . Russell seems to have thought that so long as he qualified with a 'might' or a 'may' or a 'probably' there was no form of menace that it was improper for him or his ambassador to utter." The vital paragraph of Disraeli's motion expressed regret "that, while the course pursued by Her Majesty's Government has failed to maintain their avowed policy of upholding the integrity and independence of Denmark, it has lowered the just influence of this country in the capitals of Europe and thereby diminished the securities of peace."

Queen Victoria wrote to the King of Belgium on 30 June, "After a week of the greatest anxiety the only wise and reasonable course has been pursued and **this** country is safe." To this the King replied, "You may well be proud of your success, and our dear angel [the late Prince Albert] will see it with unbounded satisfaction how gloriously you have acted in his spirit . . . To think how much mischief you have prevented to poor humanity."

Bismarck made no secret of what his aim had always been. "We want the duchies," he declared, "and we are going to make the King of Denmark give them to us." He now prepared for an attack on the large island of Fyn.

Meanwhile the King was, without Monrad's knowledge,



THE HOMESTEAD AT KARERE
Showing original Clay Hut on right



THIELE, RASMUSSEN, AAGAARD, TOXWARD,
JOHANNES MONRAD (Seated left centre)

pursuing enquiries through the agency of the King of Belgium as to whether Denmark with the monarchy could enter into the German Federation. This serious and unconstitutional step can only in charity be ascribed to his intense desire to achieve peace, retaining his kingdom intact. There was, of course, no hope whatever that the people would ever agree to such a solution, however much they desired peace.

The King was no doubt fully aware of Monrad's inflexible determination to fight it out with Germany to the bitter end. Prior to a meeting of the Cabinet on 8 July he called Monrad and informed him that he had decided to seek a truce and appoint other Ministers to negotiate a peace. This meant Monrad's dismissal.

Stifling the bitterness that he must have felt Monrad loyally co-operated with the King in selecting the new Cabinet, receiving in return words of gratitude and regard.

"A strange feeling of emptiness suddenly arises when a burden is taken from one's shoulders," wrote Monrad. But looking through papers in his study he came across a translation of some of the psalms he had made during the peaceful days when he was bishop at Nykøbing, and again he tried to busy his mind with a continuation of what had always been a pleasant task. He now could at least spend some of his days with Emilie and at night have tea with his family and slip into the old habit of reading to them before bedtime. Emilie had kept the haven from storm ready for him.

Monrad was naturally still deeply concerned about the difficult position of his country. He considered that the integrity of the Danish people was the most important issue. It was for this that he had fought so hard for the Slesvig Danes. "Everything else, whether one calls it freedom or by any other name is for me of secondary importance." To him the Slesvigians were an inseparable part of Denmark and all Danes stood or fell together.

The answer to the Government's overtures for peace arrived and was considered by the King and his new Ministers on 19 July. A truce until 31 July was agreed to by the enemy but for an armistice they required Denmark to renounce all rights south of the Kongeaa river (the northern boundary of Slesvig) and accept the decisions of Austria and Prussia as to the final fate of Slesvig, Holstein and Lauenburg. Delegates authorised to accept these terms must be sent at once to Vienna or hostilities would recommence.

To the Danish people these terms seemed so much worse than what they thought could have been secured in London, though it is difficult to see any ground for such a belief. An intense

bitterness against Monrad for letting the London Conference break up took deep and ineradicable root. This feeling seems to have persisted in some measure even to the present day. The whole course of negotiations at the London Conference indicated that Bismarck was determined to do what he had openly stated he intended — to get the whole of Slesvig, but if possible with the acquiescence of the other powers. The Germans did not at any time during the conference give any clear indication that they would be satisfied with less. Germany had at the council table refused to be bound by the result of any arbitration on the fixing of the new frontier. That had already been fixed in Bismarck's mind, and it was on the Kongeaa.

Monrad could hardly have been prepared for the storm of abuse that was directed against him immediately he relinquished office. He who had carried such a burden of work and responsibility, had striven to meet swiftly changing situations, had faced such difficult problems abroad and in his own Government and had tried to do what to him seemed right, and against all odds had held fast to the essential conditions of peace as proclaimed, shouted and demanded by his people, cannot possibly have imagined that his efforts should be so misjudged and so mercilessly condemned. What politicians and public alike seemed to forget was that Denmark's final stand at the London Conference and from which they would not retreat was dictated by the Parliament assembled and which at that time democratically represented the will of the people. It was not Monrad's decision alone. But now a scapegoat must be found and there was none other big enough.

Later, during his soul-searching, Monrad admitted that perhaps he should have tried harder for an agreement before allowing the conference to come to an end and also have tried to get the King to agree to arbitration. Now that all Slesvig was lost everyone thought that Denmark could by further negotiation have got a partition line south of the Danish city of Flensburg. It is clear that these ideas were quite unrealistic and that those who so thought were living in a world of illusion. Bismarck would never have agreed to an award of the arbitrators that did not provide him with all he had made up his mind to get. No one could have done better than Monrad, for the worst was inevitable. It is possible that had the Danes voluntarily agreed to cede North Slesvig or any part of it they would have had a much weaker claim for its return after the war of 1914-18.

On 30 October the peace treaty was signed at Vienna. Bismarck sanctimoniously expressed the hope that England and France would recognise the moderation Prussia and Austria had

shown towards Denmark. The peace treaty was accepted by the Danish **Rigsraad** by a large majority, Monrad voting against it. He saw more clearly than anyone else that it was in 1864 that Denmark had had the last chance of herself winning back Slesvig. In the near future Germany was to become a power on land and sea and would have Denmark absolutely at her mercy. When Denmark eventually got back North Slesvig it was not by the power of her own arms, and when in the second world war she was again overrun by the Germans it was not by her own effort that she won back her freedom.

In his speech in opposition to acceptance of the treaty Monrad showed clearly that he saw no future for his country if she submitted without fighting to the last. "I fear that this peace will be Denmark's doom," he declared. "We see what treaties signify, they are torn asunder and scattered like loose leaves; what agreements signify, they are torn to pieces at will . . . Is it not as if in the European consciousness the stamp of death has been set on the Danish people when two or three hundred thousand of our Danish Slesvig brothers are given over to their worst enemies . . . ? I fear that it will be impossible for this little land that remains to preserve its political independence."

But Monrad, speaking out of his despair, was wrong as to the future. The picture that he painted was in too gloomy colours. He had forgotten the extraordinary recuperative power of his country, a capacity that had been demonstrated again and again, on the last occasion only sixty years previously after her great maritime trade had been destroyed by the English. Now the sturdy peasants of Jutland were in a generation to win back from heathland and swamp as much territory as they had lost in Slesvig. But Monrad was thinking not so much of material loss as of the abandonment of his people in Slesvig. The continued unity of the Danes as a people was his keenest desire and his decision to end the London Conference and carry on the fight was due to his inability to bear the thought of a quarter million of them being torn from their mother country and voluntarily handed over to their traditional and deadliest enemy.

As significant history the disaster of 1864 does not lie in the failure and defeat of a political party or a political leader; it lies in the fact that a small nation's rights could be trampled upon by a ruthless neighbour while Europe looked on passively, each country's attitude dictated by its own interests; that the words of diplomats could not be trusted; that might was right. All these were things that were weakly permitted to continue until there was brought forth the world catastrophies of our own century.

After the conclusion of the Treaty of Vienna it seemed to

Monrad that all he had worked for so long and so hard had been destroyed, and Denmark's light had gone out. But again he found comfort in work and forced himself to take up his studies and in particular the translation of the Old Testament. He still attended carefully to his parliamentary duties and helped in the readjustment that was necessary in consequence of the changed circumstances of the kingdom. He now had few friends, but with rancour to none he worked persistently in the interests of his country. Even his old colleagues of the National-Liberal party were hostile. What hurt him most was the feeling that he had lost the confidence of his own constituents, they who had sent him unopposed to the **Rigsraad**. He decided that he would not again contest an election. He also thought of going to Slesvig to help in the fight to keep Danish nationalism alive there, but he found the tide was moving strongly in the opposite direction — the Slesvigers were emigrating in thousands to Denmark, abandoning the farms their forefathers had tilled through the centuries rather than live under German rule. He also now felt that it would be difficult for him to ask to be appointed to a church parish and equally difficult for the bishops to grant him such an appointment. The future appeared empty. He was only 54 and in his prime. He needed rest and after that to restore himself by work, but in an entirely new direction. There was the future of his sons to consider as well as his own changed economic circumstances.

The rumour gained circulation that Monrad and his family were leaving Denmark — going to Australia or New Zealand. What a monstrous plan! He was deserting his country! Those who had wanted to see the last of him now reviled him for leaving. His old friend, and sometime critic, Orla Lehmann, argued and fulminated against this betrayal of his country. It was denied that he "who had worked like a mill-horse for twenty-five years" should have the right to rest, but no one could suggest what place there might still be for him in Denmark.

Monrad had made his decision. He had acquired a bitter distaste for the intrigues and squabbles of political life, with its insincere attitudes, high-sounding empty words, deceits and betrayals. To some it seemed he must be leaving because of his sense of guilt at the loss of Slesvig. He was concerned about his boys. Viggo, who had distinguished himself as a lieutenant in the army, winning the Order of Dannebrog for bravery and efficiency at Dybbøl, could not settle down again to his law studies. His health was poor and he seemed to have lost all youthful enthusiasm. Johannes likewise was not doing too well at his naval apprenticeship and his father doubted whether Denmark

would ever again need a navy. But Johannes had artistic tastes as well as a creative and practical mind and it was possible that these might blossom in a new and undeveloped land. The more the family considered the challenging proposition of emigration their father put before them the more inviting it became.

Emilie stood loyally with her husband and was ready to follow him wherever he might wish to go, although some of her friends urged that it was impossible for "ladies" to go to such a wild and uncivilised place as New Zealand. Viggo had become engaged to Olga Berg, a clergyman's daughter, who was willing to give up her pleasant life and go with him on the great adventure. Viggo's inclination was to go to America but nothing he could say would persuade his father to change his determination to go to New Zealand.

It is not clear what influenced Monrad to choose New Zealand as his place of exile. It may well be that it was because New Zealand was as far away from the scene of his bitter defeat as it was possible to get. It is said that shortly before he made his decision he had been reading a book about New Zealand that greatly interested him. It is very probable that this was Maning's **Old New Zealand** which was published in London in 1863. Monrad himself published an abridged translation of this after his return from New Zealand.*

While making his preparations for departure Monrad completed his difficult task of translating the Book of Job and placed it in the printer's hands. He attended his last session of **Rigsraad** and then on 9 November he inserted a notice in the **Lolland-Falster Stiftstidende** announcing resignation of his seat for Maribo Fourth District in the **Rigsraad** and thanking his constituents for their long and loyal support; he sold his house and farm at Hummeltøfte to Niels Frederiksen, his daughter Ada's husband.

Of his household possessions Monrad decided to take with him his easy chairs, a table grand piano, many books and pictures and the collection of etchings that he had gathered in happier days. His party included in addition to his own family a Norwegian girl, Anna, as domestic help, and five young Danes, Rørdam, Bloch, Kornerup, West and Heie. All were sons of clergymen and had decided to go out with Monrad to seek their fortunes. Gotfred Heie was an experienced farmer and Monrad engaged him to manage his farming enterprises. This young man was to prove their right hand man and loyal and beloved friend.

* *Gamle Ny-Zeeland* (1870) København.

On the last night in Copenhagen seventy members of the **Rigsraad** met at a farewell banquet they had arranged for their old colleague. Many friends of the National-Liberal days were there, many were absent. But the tough, bellicose Tscherning was there, the most visibly moved of them all. In his address the principal speaker, I. A. Hansen, said: "When in the moment of departure one looks back on such intense activity the memory of differences there may have been between us and the one who is leaving vanishes, and it is the great picture of his splendid work for our young freedom that remains. It expresses our admiration for his deep and many-sided insight, his tireless industry, his ability to work in concert with men of different views, and first and foremost the conviction that in all his actions, fortunate or not, in harmony with our views or not, he has been governed only by consideration for the welfare of our native land."

Monrad replied with deep emotion. He said he could no longer bear to witness the misfortune that blow by blow had come upon his fatherland. He felt his vision had become uncertain, his hope had become darkened, his calm departed, and he could not for the time being be of use to his country while lacking the insight, ability and conviction that were so necessary. He had always believed that his political opponents had been convinced of his sincerity as he had been of theirs. The memory of the evening would accompany him to the distant land to which he was going and be vivid for him when he wandered there on lonely paths. He felt he needed to regain the poise he must have to continue his work at home.

Next day the little party left by train for Korsør where they embarked for Lubeck. Many friends came to farewell them and some insisted on accompanying them part of the way. Emilie felt pain and grief at leaving her old home and friends but was happy in the thought that now she could have her husband to herself free from the nightmare of past years; whatever the hazards of the future they would be such as they could meet together.

PART II

New Zealand

(i) OUTWARD BOUND

FROM Lubeck the party travelled to Hamburg and then on to London, where they remained for a fortnight making busy preparations for the long voyage. Monrad's first intention was to travel by steamer but finally he decided to go by the sailing ship **Victory**, which was to take the Cape of Good Hope route making no calls until she reached New Zealand, a voyage of over four months without sight of land.

In London Monrad equipped his family with the outfits necessary for the New Zealand adventure, including "English haircuts" for the boys. He also purchased all the articles he considered might be required for carrying on farming, for he had decided to settle on the land. He visited Richards & Company in Bishopsgate, a firm that specialised in supplying the wants of emigrants to the colonies, and purchased a variety of tools, implements and household necessities as well as a dog-cart and harness, a large chest of carpenter's and blacksmith's tools, dairy utensils, a plough, building hardware and, as an afterthought, a stout door in a wooden frame with oak sill and hinges complete. This last item added £2 4s. 0d. to the account. He also had a stock brand "DM" made. The total expenditure was £145 13s. 0d. On 14 December 1865 the family went aboard, the **Victory** was towed down the river, and sail was set for the voyage to New Zealand.

Before leaving London Monrad had called on the Colonial Secretary and was given letters of introduction to Sir George Grey, the Governor of New Zealand, and to a number of other notable residents.

The **Victory** resembled Noah's Ark. Chickens, ducks, geese, sheep, dogs and pigs vied for space with one hundred and eighty passengers of all ages and classes and a crew of over forty. The so-called first class accommodation provided for Monrad and his family fell far below the glowing descriptions of the owners, but they were prepared to accept things as they came, and made the best of what there was.

To Emilie this setting forth for distant and foreign lands, new scenes and experiences was an inspiring adventure in which she took delight. Her husband, never content in idleness, did not allow the younger members of the family to regard the voyage as altogether a holiday, and arranged a timetable for each day. He saw that they took plenty of exercise interspersed with

lessons in writing, reading, French, Danish and, in particular, English, and was at pains to converse regularly in English with the five young men. Shortly after they sailed Karen, to her great joy, found an evergreen branch in one of the trunks. Johannes trimmed it to serve as a small Christmas tree, and round it they sang carols on Christmas Eve, just as they would have at home.

The ship had no sooner entered the Bay of Biscay than it ran into a violent storm, and all, with the exception of Viggo and his father, were prostrated with sea-sickness. Huge seas rolled over the decks, flooded the saloon and invaded the cabins, overturning tables and sending books, clothing and loose articles afloat. The stout ship, however, forged steadily southward and presently entered calm semi-tropical seas where weeks of fine weather soon brought forgetfulness of previous discomforts. The wind remained favourable and the days grew warmer. During the long, hot tropic days the women sat under deck awnings and what with talking, sewing and reading the time passed pleasantly enough. Emilie thought the moonlit tropical nights particularly beautiful, and wondered what her poet and artist friends could have made of it all with pen and brush. In the evenings there was music, dancing and community singing. Karen was content that the voyage should never end and kept track of the days of the week by the kind of pudding they had for dinner.

The only uncommon event in a succession of perfect days was the sight of a distant sail or of a few sea birds or perhaps a shoal of flying fish skimming the waves. Monrad studied geology and when the Southern Cross rose above the horizon he turned to astronomy and with the captain's assistance gained a smattering of the art of navigation. Johannes who was to have been a sailor was specially attracted by the working of the ship. He often climbed high into the rigging to help with the sails and persuaded a sailor to show him how to sew canvas. This he thought would be useful for the day when he and Heie were to camp in the New Zealand forest and he would make a sailor's hammock to sleep in. His father, noting the boy's interest, decided that if he later preferred life at sea to farming then to sea he could go.

Most of the first class passengers kept to themselves, but Emilie went into the steerage quarters and made friends with the passengers there, especially of the mothers with little children. Although often seasick herself during rough weather, she did what she could to comfort the ailing and when a child died and no one seemed to care it was she who saw to it that someone went down to say an English prayer at its bedside.

On the ship the Monrads had their first close contact as a family with people of different denominations and faiths. Having been brought up in a country where everyone was of the same faith it astonished them to note the dissensions that arose between those of different sects. The high church English emigrants were irritated by a Methodist who held forth in the steerage, often three times in one day. They tried to persuade the captain, who was an Irish Catholic, to declare the Anglican service official and forbid the Methodist to preach. The captain was in a dilemma and when he showed reluctance in acceding to this demand most of the first class passengers became openly hostile to him. Monrad could not understand this narrow intolerance of the clergy who sought to prevent any religious service other than their own and even threatened with punishment children who dared to play on Sunday. He stoutly supported the captain who refused to interfere. Each Sunday Monrad held a short service for his own party of twelve in which he read one of Luther's sermons and all sang their familiar Danish hymns.

Emilie was glad to see how the fresh sea breezes and the diverting scenes and experiences of the voyage restored her husband to bodily health and mental serenity. She herself, while the warm weather lasted felt in much better health. She was thrilled by the surging motion of the ship under full sail, and the sight of the high running waves and the great wheeling albatrosses that followed in the wake.

The pleasant warm days at last came to an end, the winds freshened and the air grew colder. There was no stove on board and Emilie's throat affliction began to give her trouble. Monrad regarded her with anxiety and was relieved when on 23 March, 1866 they made their first landfall, Stewart Island.

The ship now turned northward following a desolate and seemingly uninhabited coast. For two days they continued within sight of land, the sea-weary passengers thoroughly enjoying the change. On the 25th the **Victory** cast anchor in Lyttelton harbour. The passengers' thankfulness at safely reaching their destination was deepened when they learned that the steamer in which they had first planned to take the voyage had been lost in the storm the **Victory** had ridden out in the Bay of Biscay.

As soon as the ship was at anchor Monrad went ashore and shortly returned with letters from home for all of his party. He decided to go on to Nelson and settle there. Two days later the family trans-shipped to the **Airedale**, a small coastal steamer carrying twenty-eight passengers. Most of their goods

were left behind to be forwarded on when it was decided where they were finally to settle. The **Airedale** proved a pleasant change from the rough cramped quarters they had endured for so long. Emilie was most impressed by the elegance of both the vessel and her passengers. The saloon was finished in polished mahogany and the captain's white uniform in gold braid. The women passengers were beautifully dressed and wore a great deal of heavy jewellery, but Emilie thought the men were more impressive. What she noticed most was that everyone, on learning who they were, treated the Monrads with much courtesy, an experience they had not enjoyed during the four long months of the voyage from England.

It was a bright clear morning when they lifted anchor and as they sailed down the harbour they had a dreamlike view of the little town with its wooden and brick houses and its churches and chapels from which the chime of bells sounded across the calm water.

Next morning when they came on deck the mountains of the North Island could be seen ahead and on their left the snowy peaks of the Kaikouras. At noon the vessel entered Port Nicholson and they had their first glimpse of Wellington, stretching along the narrow beach at the foot of the surrounding hills.

The whole party was glad indeed to get ashore and walk through the streets of the young and growing town. To their delight they found large shops and churches as at home in Copenhagen, though here the buildings appeared to be nearly all constructed of wood. While Monrad set off to present his credentials to the Governor and the young men roamed the streets, Emilie, accompanied by Olga and little Karen climbed the hills behind the town, to them "a mountain," and sat amongst the wild flowers and scented manuka. Emilie rested, revelling in the wonderful panorama of sea and mountain and hill-encircled harbour where sixteen ships lay at anchor, while the girls wandered amongst the strange shrubs and ferns gathering bouquets of flowers of kinds they had never seen before. Emilie experienced a joyful sense of freedom and eagerly drank in the extraordinary beauty of this new land. She examined the flowers the girls brought to her and longed for one of her botany books so that she might learn what they were. Presently she left the sunny hillside and walked down to the town, the girls, lively and happy, skipping ahead. There she met her husband who was disappointed because the Governor was away in Auckland, and everyone else he wanted to see appeared to be out of town. Heie, who had made a short excursion into the country beyond

the town, was also in a dark mood. To a Lollander, fresh from the lush countryside of his native island, the land here seemed poor, hungry and uninviting.

While waiting for the **Airedale** to sail they visited Mr Christian J. Toxward, a Danish architect, who told them that he had been thrice ruined on the goldfields. Monrad hoped that this recital would prove an effective antidote to the symptoms of gold-fever he had detected in one of his young men who had picked up news of a rich new strike on the west coast of the South Island.

(ii) NELSON

HAVING definitely chosen Nelson as the place where he would make his New Zealand home, Monrad was glad to arrive there. He rented a small apartment and Emilie, although she had little more than her cabin luggage from the **Victory** and practically no furniture, soon busied herself in an attempt to give the place something of a homelike appearance. She soon had it looking remarkably cosy and had even found one of her precious pictures for the wall. "I can't sit down in a room," she said, "until I have it as comfortable and attractive as I possibly can."

They thought the climate of Nelson most pleasant. It was autumn but the days were as warm as in the Danish summer, the nights cool, and the air pure and clear. The land, however, had little appearance of fertility and they were surprised to find that the gardens produced wonderful vegetables and all kinds of fruit. Peaches, apples, pears and grapes were to be seen everywhere in profusion.

On enquiry Monrad found the cost of living high and the land correspondingly expensive. He was told that was in part due to the recent finds of gold on the West Coast and was warned to beware of "the land sharks," whatever they might be. Everyone seemed to be rushing off in anticipation of picking up an easy fortune. He obtained from the Land Office particulars of land that could be purchased in the vicinity of the town, but when Viggo and Heie went on a tour of inspection of these areas they returned with discouraging reports. All the good land had long since been taken up. They heard, however, that there was more land on the east coast in the Marlborough district but were informed by friends that the climate there was more severe and the land of inferior quality. Nowhere could Heie find anything like his own good, rich Lolland soil.

The possibility of finding suitable land in the Nelson district seemed very remote. Monrad then heard that the Government was opening up new land in the North Island in a fertile valley

known as the Manawatu. Soon Viggo and Heie were off to explore the possibilities, planning to camp on the way and to look at the east coast of the South Island on their return. They had heard that settlement in the North Island was complicated by trouble with the Maoris, but the Nelson people assured them that the natives were easy to get on with and had never caused them any trouble. The boys set off and it was agreed that on their return a final decision would be made.

Meanwhile Johannes had secured a job with John Scott the carpenter in Trafalgar Street, and was pleasantly surprised to learn that in New Zealand you received pay even while learning the trade. The chest of tools now came in handy and Johannes proudly furnished his father's study with a set of shelves. Bloch found employment with a photographer at £3 per week but the other two, West and Rørdam, had more difficulty until eventually they were given jobs by a Major Paton, a British Army officer, who had a farm of a thousand acres at Waimea. They found they had to work very hard on the farm but working hours were much shorter than in Denmark.

Major Paton invited the Monrads to visit him and inspect his farm, and they were glad to accept. The slow bumpy ride out in a cart was compensated for by the novel sights that greeted them as they passed through the countryside. Going through the little townships Emilie marvelled at the great number of churches to be seen. It seemed extraordinary that there should be so many denominations in New Zealand when at home there was only one.

During the visit Emilie was interested to see for the first time a typical colonial home. She was impressed by some aspects of colonial life that differed greatly from what she had been accustomed to in Denmark. Here, she discovered, even gentlemen helped their wives with the housework and would go with their daughters to help milk the cows when the employees had time off. In Denmark such work was for women alone. She found that Mrs Paton's house was nicely arranged and comfortable and the appointments not nearly as primitive as might have been expected in such a newly settled country. It was remarkable how the whole family worked together, never giving a thought to whether a task was "menial" or not.

The advent of the Monrads caused something of a stir in Nelson social circles, and very soon what Ditlev called "the honorabilia" started to call. Emilie thought that the people dressed very smartly, were even Parisian in appearance, but their habit of leaving cards, in the case of women their husband's

as well as their own, seemed a curious custom, "interesting and different." Mr Watkin, the manager of the local Bank of New Zealand, called with his wife and two children, and in due course the Monrads returned the visit. Emilie thought Mrs Watkin's bedroom the most beautiful she had seen, with its splendid view over the harbour, fine furniture, polished red panelling, tapestries, embroidered counterpane, and even a marble rabbit.

Every time they went out on an excursion they marvelled at the beauty of the countryside, the lovely trees and wealth of fruit. They particularly admired the wattles with their profusion of bright yellow flowers and the groves of willows said to have been propagated from a single slip taken from Napoleon's tomb on St. Helena. The native flax was a most interesting plant and they heard there was a new invention for dressing the leaf which it was thought would encourage an industry that might become the foundation of the country's prosperity.

The exiles anxiously awaited letters from home and there was great disappointment when a vessel arrived without mail for them. Emilie often thought of her old home at Hummeltofte and had vivid dreams of it and of her old friends. The mild Nelson climate was helpful to her throat affection but her general health was uncertain and caused the family some worry. Nevertheless she enjoyed the continued hospitality and kindness of the Nelson folk. Bishop Suter was most helpful and offered his fellow-bishop an attractive home to live in until final plans were completed, but thinking they might be leaving shortly Monrad thought it hardly worth while to move.

One evening Monrad and Emilie attended a dinner given by Sir David Monro, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, who had just been knighted. There was a distinguished list of guests and they had a most enjoyable evening of conversation, music and song. During the course of the evening Monrad was shown a newspaper from Wellington in which it was reported that he intended to found a Danish colony in the Manawatu and would be making proposals in this direction to the Government. This was the first that Monrad had heard of such an idea, though he thought the plan not unworthy of consideration.

It was not long before Viggo and Heie came back with a favourable report of the Manawatu and urged Monrad to go over and investigate for himself. During their absence the bishop had filled in time with his Old Testament translations. He had a little detached study in which he kept his Hebrew books and where he found contentment and peace. It was a relief, however, to be able to make some definite move towards getting

permanently settled and he lost no time in going to Wellington where he was kindly received by Sir George Grey. He stayed as the guest of the Governor whom he found a most agreeable and cultured man with a great interest in literature, the country and its native people. Grey offered Monrad a house in which to live with his family until he had decided where to settle and he recommended Wanganui as a district worth considering.

The Manawatu district, which had impressed Viggo, was Crown land purchased from the Maoris. There had been a subdivision of farm sections and there was to be a sale by public auction in November 1866. It was, however, permissible for prospective purchasers to settle on the land at once and if they were unsuccessful in purchasing they would be compensated for any improvements they had made.

When Monrad returned to Nelson a family council was held and it was decided that they should move to the North Island. It was arranged that Viggo should precede them with authority to buy land, calling on the Governor as arranged on the way north.

In the meantime Monrad continued with his biblical translations, enjoyed the social life of the town, and to his delight found that Bishop Suter had an impressive library of theological works, while the local Institute had a good collection of historical and general works. His plans for an early shift to the Manawatu were, however, suddenly complicated by Viggo's unexpected return with news of a new proposition made to him by the Governor. Sir George had suggested that both he and Johannes should accept commissions in the militia. This would entitle them to 200 acres of land each at Patea, north of Wanganui, free of charge, provided they worked on it for five years. While this offer was attractive to the boys it did not altogether appeal to Monrad who was disinclined to accept favours that he felt placed him under too great an obligation to the Government and also rendered his sons subject to military duties. On the other hand it would settle Viggo and Johannes without immediate capital outlay on sections of what appeared to be good open land. Eventually he agreed to the proposal and the young men looked forward eagerly to receiving their commissions.

Monrad never failed to search the issues of the London "Times" as they arrived for news of happenings in Europe. His dominant hope was the chance of some amendment of the Slesvig confiscation border that would restore some of the Danes to the fatherland. On the insistence of Napoleon III provision had been inserted in the Peace Treaty for the return of northern Slesvig to Denmark after the taking of a plebiscite, and Monrad hoped that

in this way something might be saved from the disaster. However France was Bismarck's next victim and was crushed in 1871. Eight years later Germany, with Austria's concurrence, saw to it that this provision was deleted, and Slesvig became German.

Although Emilie found it tiring to talk in English she considered it necessary that she should be able to converse with the Maoris who would perhaps be her only neighbours in her new home, and she commenced to study their language. The tiresome weeks of waiting were, however, brightened by the news from Hummeltofte of the birth of her first grandchild, Ditlev Gothard Monrad Frederiksen. Olga, Viggo's wife, was expecting a child before long and Emilie eagerly anticipated the arrival of the family's first New Zealander.

The round of social duties and visits continued and Emilie had to spend one rather boring afternoon when she called on the wife of Major Rough, and was entertained with a long series of stereoscopic views. She had the feeling that the major reminded her of someone and strove to recall who it was. Then suddenly it came to her. "Why," she exclaimed, "It's Garibaldi you look like!" "I must do," replied her host. "When I was in Rome the boys ran after me shouting 'Garibaldi! Garibaldi!'"

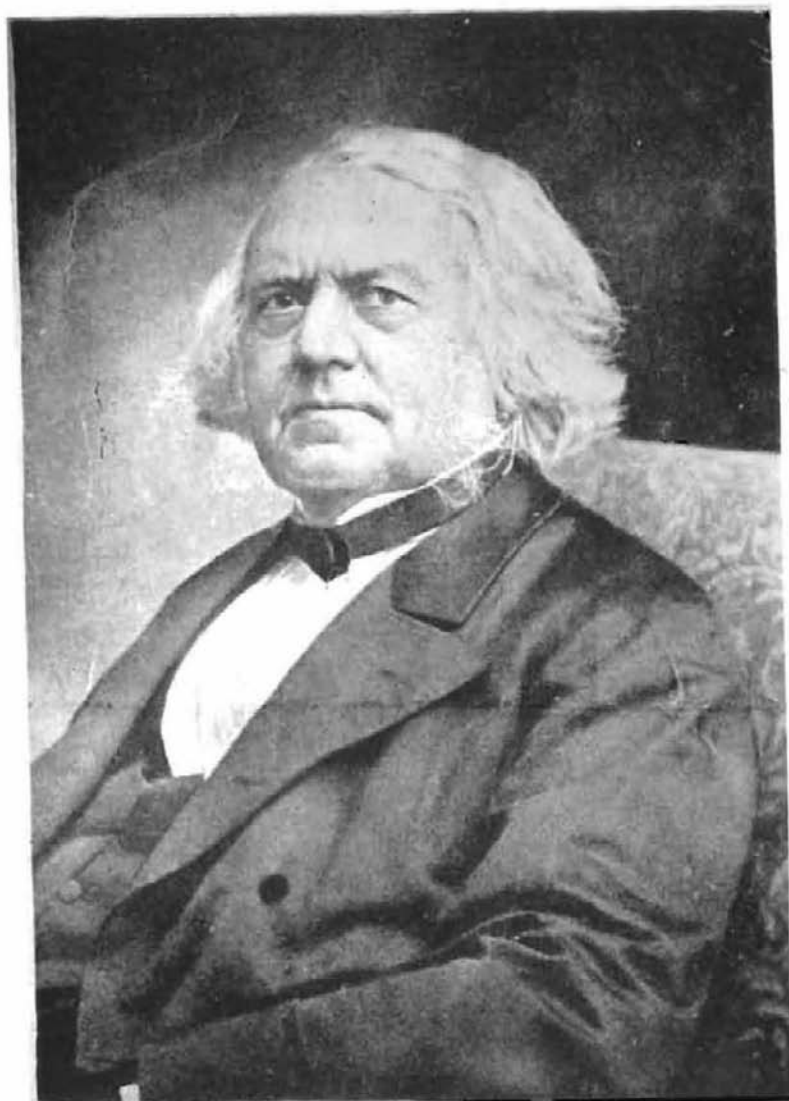
The weeks dragged on but no commissions for the boys arrived. Monrad had his doubts that they ever would, but Viggo was positive that they must surely come soon. Aware of the undesirability of allowing young people to remain in idleness Monrad kept his sons busy at their studies and started Johannes off on French and Latin. He himself steadily pursued his translation of the Book of Jeremiah. Meanwhile Emilie enjoyed her solitary botanising excursions among the hills. The strange plant life of this new land fascinated her. With the aid of a book on New Zealand botany, she had secured she eagerly sought to identify the novel specimens she discovered. At the end of the day she took home plants for her carefully tended garden.

At last to the relief of all the commissions were gazetted, but it was understood that it would be some time before the land could be allocated. The family decided to move to Wanganui where the boys could do some of their military training and be on the spot when their land became available. Viggo was sent to Wanganui in advance and there he found congenial lodging with a Church of England minister, Rev. Richard Taylor. West decided to stay on with Major Paton until he had learned something of New Zealand farming, after which he proposed to follow the Monrads and take up land near them.

It was now midwinter but the weather remained wonderfully



LIEUT. VIGGO MONRAD, 1864



D. G. Monrad

MAX KLEINER'S MET. N. 10000

D. G. MONRAD, 1882

equable and pleasantly cool, the morning ground covered with rimfrost, the air clear and bracing. Day and night were equally enjoyable. Emilie, wandering through the hills gathering her precious plants, found the days ever too short and regretted when sunset compelled her to turn homeward. During the evening she occasionally gratified her love of music by attending concerts of the Nelson Music Society and on one occasion found particular enjoyment in a Haydn concert. She was pleasantly surprised to find the performances better than might be expected at the Antipodes.

(iii) WANGANUI

EARLY in August Monrad secured passages for his party on a steamer bound for Wanganui. They were touched to find many of their new friends gathered on the wharf to farewell them. The little vessel was overcrowded and the voyage proved an uncomfortable one. Amongst the very mixed lot of passengers the bishop noticed a man who was accompanied by his wife, daughter and a horse. He was interested to see that of the family the horse was the only member that drank water.

Viggo was waiting for them when the vessel berthed at Taupo Quay, Wanganui. He told them despondently that he had heard nothing further about the military land and it might be a year before he could expect to know anything definite.

Monrad would not allow the youths to remain idle and as Viggo was able to secure a paid job as a surveyor's assistant at the Land Office he decided that Johannes and Heie should go to Karere in the Manawatu and occupy some of the Government land in anticipation of his purchasing it when the auction took place.

The cart they had bought in London was assembled and loaded up with the plough, toolchest, seeds, tents and provisions. With two horses pulling the vehicle the young adventurers set out on their fifty mile journey. Emilie, experiencing all the usual mother's qualms, watched them set out. How young and slight Johannes looked beside the big horses. It would be a long and difficult journey through standing bush and unbridged streams, but she had the utmost confidence in the capable and ever-dependable Heie. Monrad promised to visit them in October when he would bring with him dairy equipment and money to buy cows, and they would then decide on the location of the house.

After the departure of Johannes and Heie, Monrad and Emilie continued to enjoy a rather pleasant life at Wanganui. Emilie,

with her husband's help, made and planted the new garden without which she felt she could not be completely happy. She searched the nearby bush for new plants and thoroughly enjoyed, as at Nelson, the interesting and stimulating surroundings. As she rambled plant-hunting in the forest she hugged to herself a secret wish—one she was careful never to disclose to her husband for its gratification she knew would be too costly—a big botanical work she had heard of but which she had found would cost £40.

Past the door of their house rolled the wide river, the highway to the mysterious centre of the island where, from the low hills surrounding the town could be seen great snow-clad mountains beyond vast stretches of bush-clad hills. Towards the north across the sweep of the South Taranaki Bight, rose the perfect white cone of Egmont. How different from Denmark it all was!

Emilie could not but wish she was younger and had time in which to study the many fascinating aspects of this strange, lovely and empty land. She knew she could never hope to do this, but wished that Denmark could send out some of the young scientists she knew to study the native race, its arts and customs, and young artists to paint these interesting people and the lovely native trees and flowers with which she had become familiar. One day she was excited to see three canoes full of Maoris land on the river bank just opposite her front door where they unloaded baskets of potatoes for sale. They were oddly dressed. One of them wore trousers and a coat, but the rest had only woollen shirts. Emilie, who always judged people by their eyes, noted what bright, intelligent brown eyes they had.

Viggo continued with his work at the Survey Office, his father noting with amusement how he referred to his department as "we." He enjoyed visiting his friends the Taylors, and it transpired that the Rev. Richard was teaching him how to brew home-made beer. The Taylor family did much to render the stay of the Monrads in the town interesting and pleasant. Emilie soon learned that the Rev. Richard Taylor was an authority on the botany and natural history of the island and could readily answer the hundred questions she had to ask him. He had been a missionary among the natives for many years and was an expert Maori linguist. Mr Taylor maintained that the Maoris were one of Israel's lost tribes, but Monrad could not accept this theory.

The Taylors had paid them a formal visit shortly after their arrival and in due course the Monrads made a return call. Emilie soon recognised in Mrs Taylor "a real pearl" and was captivated

by her large garden with its extensive lawns and shrubberies which contained many varieties of native plants gathered by her husband during his travels, as well as exotics from other parts of the world. She later spent many happy hours there in the company of her new friends and was promised all kinds of seeds and shoots to take with her to Karere. When she saw blooms she had known and loved in her garden at Hummeltofte she felt overcome with homesickness. "I pressed my face into the bunch of lilies and tried hard not to cry." She knew that her husband's thoughts often turned in the same direction but never permitted him to suspect that she had any regrets at having gone with him into lonely exile. "No one knows what it is to love the Fatherland," she wrote to Ada, "unless they have been as long absent as I have."

Emilie often thought of her daughter in Denmark and her little grandson there. "I am sure he will come to take after us." But soon her attention was absorbed by an exciting event in her own home. Olga's eagerly expected baby arrived on 20 September 1866, like his little cousin in Denmark, a boy, and like him to be named Ditlev after his grandfather, but this one was a native-born New Zealander.

They heard from Johannes and Heie, of the difficulties they had experienced during the slow eight-day journey to Karere; how the cart had proved to be overloaded and the horses had struggled along the rough track until brought to a standstill and they had had to halve the load, which meant they had double the distance to cover. They were managing quite well and enjoying tent life though they found the New Zealand bush did not provide much natural food and at times they had to go short. But Monrad and his wife did not worry unduly over their boy for he was with Heie and they felt experience of bush life would do him good. They wanted him to gain practical colonial experience and with it self-confidence.

On Sundays the Monrads went to church to hear either Rev. Richard Taylor or his son Rev. Basil preach, but found the congregation small. The wars had done much injury to the Christian cause amongst the Maoris, a gifted and attractive people, but all had not been lost and there was still a core of the faithful. To the bishop's joy he found that they used the familiar Lutheran hymn book. How good and ever-fresh the old hymns were!

Shortly after the arrival of the baby they were again invited across the river to the Taylors and Emilie once again walked through the wonderful garden. "I feel young again in such a garden," she said. Taylor suggested that they pay a visit to the

nearby Maori village* and they accordingly called on the chief, Hori Kingi te Anaua, who showed them his house. It was beautifully carved in the Maori way but Emilie was more interested in the carving on the chief's face. This was the first time she had seen a fully tattooed Maori at close quarters and she marvelled at the symmetrical pattern which she thought must have been done by an artist. She was told that the incisions were made with sharp stone chisels and only a portion could be done at a time as otherwise the patient might die as a result of the ordeal. She was shown over other native houses but found them dilapidated and poor. Monrad noted the rivalry and dissension between the Protestant and Catholic Maoris, an unhappy state that did both sects harm. He had early noted that even in the Church of England itself social distinctions were drawn between "High" and "Low" Church which accentuated the disunity evidenced by the "swarms" of churches he found in every town and village. This he always found distasteful for in his homeland there was but one united church and in his bishopric or parish he had always frowned upon any class distinctions between its members.

The hours he spent with his wife in her garden and the long walks they enjoyed together amongst the hills and in the nearby woods gave Monrad a sense of physical well-being that he had not felt for a long time. There was still no news of the Patea land and his increase in bodily vigour brought with him a restlessness and increasing anxiety to get finally settled. He was glad to make preparations for his promised visit to the lads at Karere and get his first view of the locality which he hoped would be the scene of his new home.

(iv) KARERE

MONRAD left Wanganui on 1 October, 1865. He rode twenty-five miles the first day and felt tired at night from this unaccustomed exercise but slept soundly and rose refreshed in the morning. Johannes met him half-way with a fresh horse and they went on to Karere together.

Emilie had found it hard to see her husband go, but was proud of the restless energy and quiet determination that now, as ever, drove him on. She spent the lonely weeks that followed teaching Karen. The child could now speak fluent English, sometimes mixing English words with her Danish. Spring was soon well advanced and her garden gave her increasing joy, though

* Putiki.

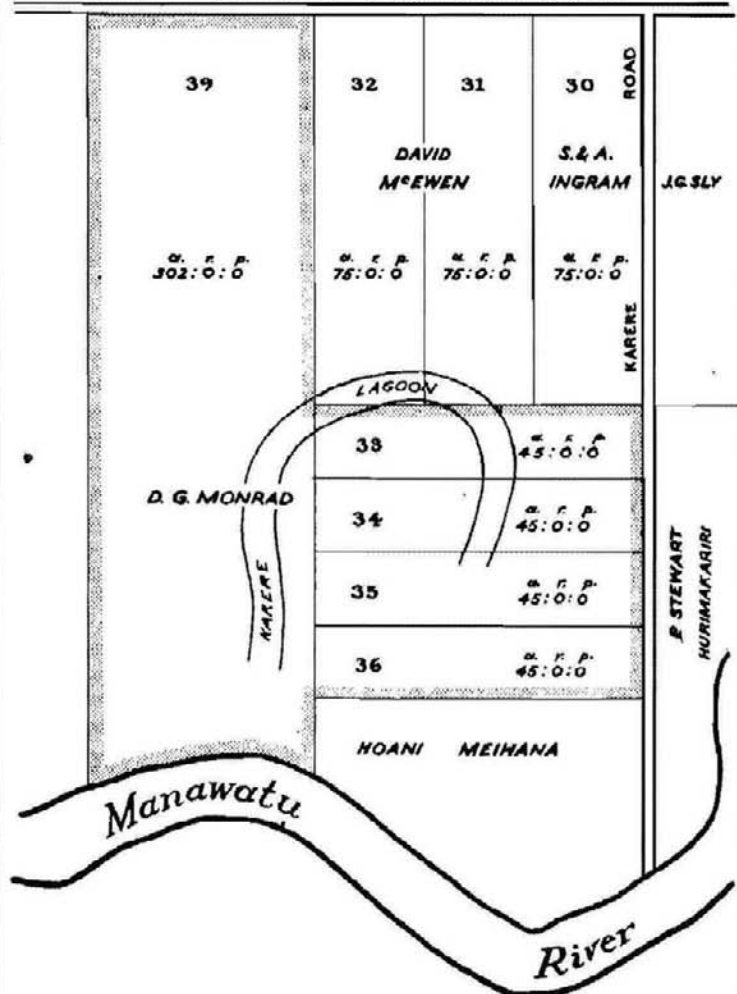
the blossoming of the lilac bushes brought a fresh attack of homesickness. But there was plenty to distract her and sustain her interest. "In this wonderful country one never needs something to write about — only time."

Monrad wrote to his wife reporting that he had safely reached Karere and was well pleased with what he found there. Some of the lighter bushed land and a small clearing made by the Maoris in past days lay within the semicircle of a crescent-shaped lagoon that had once been the bed of the Manawatu river. Here where it was high and dry he decided to build his house with gardens and lawns sloping down to the edge of the lagoon. From the site one could glimpse above the tree tops the surrounding forest and the snow-capped Ruahine mountains. "The location," he wrote to Emilie, "is lovely and the banks of the river here are not swampy: the woods are full of birds and Johannes exclaims 'How glad mother will be to come here'."

The bishop revelled in this new and exciting life. The feel of an axe in his hands and the knowledge that at last he was getting to grips with the task he had set himself gave him a sense of exhilaration. Heie wrote home, "The bishop shares in everything. At daylight he rides with us to work. He has a great deal of endurance. In the evenings he reads to us from the New Testament. How much better one can understand it and follow it than when one reads it alone. When we have shot a wild duck or waterhen he helps to pluck it, and if a sock has a hole we do not know how to mend he says, 'Come here, you bungler, and let me show you how to do it'."

Monrad really enjoyed grappling with the heavy tasks and problems confronting him. He grew thinner but stronger and his face became bronzed. His worst trial was the sandflies which attacked him in swarms as he worked. His hands in time became so swollen and blistered from their bites that for days he was unable to use them. This, however, did not discourage him and he found some comfort in the thought that it would be easier when they had a house to live in instead of a tent, and anyway the sandfly season was short. He felt it his duty to continue the study of Maori, which he found the easiest language and tongue to learn that he had ever encountered, although he discovered "it is not so easy for a fellow of fifty-five to master a new language, but I don't think it right to be without means to exert influence in a Christian direction on the half-wild people with whom I have contact."

He was proud of the way in which Johannes was developing into a self-reliant colonial. The lad took every care of his father and did all he could to add to his comfort and well-being. He



shot and roasted ducks for dinner, baked good bread, and could make a plum pudding. Their usual diet was bread, potatoes and tea, with occasional duck, pukeko or pigeon. On Sundays no work was done and the bishop conducted a service for the nearby Maoris. These contacts awakened thoughts of his youth "when my wish was to become a missionary — in later years the idea became a dream — but is it now to be fulfilled in my old age? I am afraid language will prove an insurmountable obstacle, but I will make a serious attempt to overcome this."

Monrad had intended to go on to Wellington to attend the land sale, but as his crippled hands incapacitated him from engaging in heavy bush work he decided to return to Wanganui before proceeding to Wellington. At this time he was greatly disturbed to learn that the Maoris who had sold the block to the Government had received a promise that they could choose two hundred acres as a reserve for themselves and that they had now decided to take Karere, "so I am at sea and know not what to do. I had arranged to settle at Karere."

While at Karere Monrad assisted with the building of a temporary home there. Time was too short to allow building in wood so he decided to erect a clay whare which would suffice until a more suitable and permanent house could be erected. They took clay from the bed of the lagoon which, puddled with straw, they used for the walls and floor. The roof was of thatch but this was later replaced by shingles. In this humble cabin the family was to live until a permanent home could be provided. The hut was only partly finished when Monrad left to return to Wanganui.

When the bishop said farewell to the boys and rode off he felt most optimistic about the future despite the tremendous amount of work that would have to be done before he could consider his little settlement firmly established. The heavy labour had given him a feeling of physical strength and good health. The wonderful surroundings "made the whole world appear in a beautiful light"; Heie had purchased the first stock, one hundred sheep for £60 (unfortunately mostly old ewes) and it seemed to him that he had witnessed the founding of white settlement in the Upper Manawatu.

Monrad rode into Wanganui to find his wife and the rest of the family in good health and Olga's child thriving. Emilie had missed him very much and had often wished that she could have gone with him to Karere. Her thoughts had often wandered off in imaginings of her husband in the Karere bush and then on to Denmark and her daughter and friends there. Many of the nearby townsfolk and settlers had called on her, men and women often

riding in from long distances to pay their respects. "How young New Zealand grandmothers are!" she observed. Knowing that when she went to live at Karere she would have to learn to ride, she took note of the horses her country friends rode, and found they were usually of a very fine stamp. In particular there were the four magnificent Arab greys belonging to Colonel Wilson, who had been a British Army officer and seen service during the Indian Mutiny.

She had a visit from Sir George Grey, who was most disappointed to find that her husband was away. The Governor was on his way north in an endeavour to improve relations with the disaffected Taranaki natives. Olga proudly showed him her baby and was delighted when the Governor remarked what a fine boy he was and exclaimed at "all that black hair" so unusual in a Danish child. Viggo, when he first saw his son, had exclaimed, "Why, he looks like a Maori." Grey persuaded Viggo in his father's absence to accompany him and the Rev. Richard Taylor to Patea. The Governor brought with him some good news from Europe and although Emilie could not bring herself to believe it, it made her heart feel lighter and she voiced the thought uppermost in her own as well as her husband's mind, "Would that the boundary may be drawn so that it may not cause us Danes too great sorrow."

After a short visit to Wanganui Monrad went down to Wellington to attend the land sale and was, to his relief, able to purchase the land on which he planned to build his house. He bought in all an area of 482 acres at a total cost of £529. This was a greater area than he had intended to buy at the time, but he hoped eventually to increase the holding to 800 acres.* After the sale he returned to Karere to inform Johannes of his success, to see how things were progressing and give the lads a hand for a few days. He commenced to build a dairy and cellar of clay, but as a result of his experience decided against attempting to build the house of the same material. He thought to erect a half-timbered house after the Danish style, using brick and wooden beams, but eventually decided to follow the colonial custom of using wood alone. He and the boys therefore commenced cutting heavy timber in the bush in preparation for the Wellington carpenters whom Monrad had engaged to come up and assist with the actual construction.

* The Crown Grant for this land is dated 2 January 1869 and comprises Rural Sections 33, 34, 35, 36 and 39 on the plan of the Karere Block in the Manawatu District and issued to Ditlev Gothard Monrad of Manawatu, Gentleman.

The bishop returned to Wanganui to spend Christmas with his family, leaving the boys to carry on. He found to his concern that Emilie had suffered an attack of influenza that had left her throat in a worse condition, and he was greatly worried over what seemed to be a deterioration in her general health. However she was overjoyed at his return and a gradual improvement enabled her to join in the happy preparations for a real Danish Christmas.

Emilie had continued with her English studies and although she never spoke the language within the family circle she had made progress and was reading **Jane Eyre** with pleasure. Viggo was still without news of the land at Patea and Monrad decided that he must go to Karere to help Heie and Johannes. When the Patea land was allocated to Viggo he could no doubt get a substitute to occupy it for him and move on to it himself as soon as the family had been established at Karere.

It was while they were enjoying this happy and hopeful atmosphere that shattering news came from Karere. On Monday morning, 20 December, as they were trying to adjust the preparations for a traditional Danish Christmas to the conditions of a land where the seasons were upside-down and instead of a snow-covered landscape the trees were green and the flowers blooming in Emilie's garden, a tired horseman who had ridden throughout the night brought a short note from the Coroner at Foxton, stating that Heie was dead, drowned in the Manawatu river.

No particulars were given and Monrad's first thought was that he must go to Karere and be with Johannes who must now be in a state of great distress and uncertainty. Viggo offered to leave his job and go, but his father decided that this was a crisis with which he alone could cope. The whole family was in a state of the most acute grief. Viggo walked restlessly in the garden for hours and Emilie, who had come to regard the gay affectionate Heie as a son, sorrowed for his mother in Denmark. Monrad did not sleep that night but by morning had decided what must be done. The position was complicated by the fact that his daughter Louise was on her way out from Denmark and was expected to arrive very soon. He had planned to meet her at Wellington, but he now wrote her a letter and arranged for the captain of the coastal steamer which was to carry her to Wanganui to take care of her and see her safely home. He then wrote to Heie's relatives and friends informing them of the tragedy and made his arrangements to leave for Karere where he expected to have to stay for a considerable time helping Johannes to carry on the farm.

A hasty note arrived from Johannes asking his father or Viggo to come, but containing no further news. It afterwards transpired that he had understood that the coroner had given full particulars in his letter. Monrad set out for Karere on horseback leaving Emilie in a state of sadness and distress. She had never felt in such a state since those terrible weeks when Dybbøl was under assault by the Germans and she did not know whether her son, Viggo, who was in the garrison, was safe or amongst the hundreds of his comrades who had fallen.

Within a day or two there came a second letter from Johannes, who did not know his father was on the way to Karere, giving full details of the accident. Heie had gone south of the river with a neighbour, Mr J. C. Sly, to buy cattle. They had started on the return trip driving the stock and had got the mob safely across the Manawatu near the mouth where they stayed for the night. In the morning they rounded up the cattle and started for home, but one of Heie's cows broke back into the river and he rode out on his horse to turn it back. Sly saw Heie thrown from his horse in midstream and start swimming for the shore, trying at the same time to rid himself of his heavy coat. Sly plunged into the river to help but being unable to swim soon got into trouble and with difficulty regained the bank which here fell steeply into the river. He climbed the bank and frantically searched for a pole with which to try and reach the struggling man but Heie was quickly carried away by the strong current and disappeared from sight. All Sly could then do was to run to the nearby ferry and ring the bell for assistance. With the help of a surveyor and two other men he searched the river in a canoe until dusk but without success. Next morning they found the body.

The local doctor immediately sent word to Johannes informing him of the accident and telling him that he had already sent a letter to his father. He also arranged for the burial and Rev. James Duncan, the Presbyterian minister at Foxton, conducted the service and did his best for the grief-stricken Johannes. "Dear father," the boy wrote, "Our Christmas won't be merry. I can't tell you how terribly I miss him."

Heie's death cast a black cloud over the family at Wanganui. Emilie sought in work a temporary relief from her grief and for Karen's sake tried to give the Christmas season some semblance of festivity. She made Christmas presents, a new dress for Olga, and a child's book with pictures she herself had drawn. The Taylors, out of kindness, invited the whole family to spend all Christmas day with them. There was to be a church service in the morning and in the afternoon a big farewell party to Rev. Richard Taylor and his wife who were leaving for England, where Mr

Taylor would be engaged in writing a book on New Zealand.*

Emilie had no desire to go but Viggo, mindful of the kindness he had received prior to his own family's arrival from Nelson, persuaded her to accept the invitation.

The church had been decorated for the service with fern fronds. There was a great assembly, some of the Maori women wearing crinolines and the men European dress. A few of the dignified old Maori chiefs wore their fine flax cloaks with beautiful coloured borders. There were benches for the chiefs, but the common folk sat on the floor with their blankets wrapped about them. In the afternoon there was a large table set for forty on the verandah of the Taylor house and as there were eighty adults present there had to be two sittings. The fare included sandwiches, cakes and blanc mange and great bowls full of cherries. Being in New Zealand "where the English gentlemen take as many burdens as possible from their ladies" Viggo shed his Danish prejudices and, to his mother's interest, helped to butter sandwiches.

After tea Emilie, who found the time passing slowly, wandered into the garden where, amongst the familiar shrubs and flowers she found groups of Maoris including mothers nursing their babies and in one corner a dusky gentleman reading poems aloud to an attentive audience. Despite these interesting distractions the afternoon seemed endless and Emilie was glad when at last she arrived home. She keenly felt the absence of her husband and her mind was full of thoughts of Heie, of his mother, and of Louise, of whom she had received no news.

It was 24th January, 1867, a month after Heie's death, that she was able to write to Ada in Denmark, "Louise is here. I am rather overcome with joy but shall soon recover. We lay and talked most of the night about you all." A week later a taller and sun-burnt Johannes tied his horse in front of the house and burst in to greet his sister. Five months in the bush and the crowded experience of death and pain, responsibility and loneliness, had matured the seventeen year old lad, and he had grown bigger and stronger. And now he was at home for a week of comfort, a good bed to sleep in, Walter Scott for a companion and the whole family to talk to. He told them all about his life at Karere, of his Maori neighbours, of the difficulty in preparing timber for the new house, of the carpenters who came to build it but caught the gold-fever and suddenly disappeared, and of Heie—there had been no one like Gotfred Heie. He and his father hoped to have two of the six rooms of the new house ready by April and the

* *The Past and Present of New Zealand* (1868).

family could then live all together in some degree of comfort.

Life was happier for Emilie now that she had Louise. Together they visited all her friends. Louise was interested in everything; she saw and admired the practical English ways of the colonists. To fit herself for her new life in the bush she borrowed a large cookery book which she studied assiduously while her mother copied from it the "Household Hints."

Meanwhile Monrad and Johannes carried on the work at Karere in preparation for the time when the rest of the family would come to join them. In due course Monrad wrote to his wife telling her to get ready to move and reminding her that it would be necessary for the women to have riding habits. He had reserved three rooms for them at Langley's boarding house at Wharangi where the ferry over the Manawatu river was situated, and planned that they should have a holiday there until Karere was in a more advanced stage of preparation for their reception.

The idea of riding a horse was rather frightening as Emilie had never been on a horse before, but she repeated a formula she had often used when confronted by the strange demands of colonial life, "If I must, I can." Louise sewed the habits, a small one for Karen with a grey jacket with black velvet cuffs, and for her mother a grey skirt to be worn with a grey hat ornamented with Scotch plaid ribbon and a feather.

To the joy of all Monrad soon arrived to help them with the final preparations for departure. Shortly before they were due to leave Louise rode with her father and Rev. Basil Taylor to attend service at a church twelve miles away. She wore her new habit for the first time and Monrad thought his daughter looked very fine in it with her neat straw hat with brown albatross feather and long tulle streamer. While they were away Karen caught the chickens and put them in a coop and her mother finished the packing. Emilie's greatest joy, the Horning & Moller table grand piano, had been tuned, repaired and packed and was to be sent with the rest of the goods by steamer to Foxton and thence up the Manawatu river to Karere. Since Louise had come her mother had loved to listen to her playing it as she rested. It brought old times in Denmark very near again.

When all was ready they loaded the cart and crossed the river stopping at the Taylors' for an hour to say goodbye. Rev. Basil further loaded the cart with bundles of plants and cuttings for Emilie and they set forth in earnest on their journey. At first they passed through dense forest and then over extensive open tracts dotted with trees and huge flax bushes whose great drooping blades resembled, in Emilie's eyes, green waterfalls. For much

of the way they travelled close to the sea if not along the wide sandy beach itself. On their right was the blue expanse of the Tasman Sea, while the eastern horizon was bounded by the dark margin of a great forest and beyond that the mountains. They crossed several rivers, some by ferry and others on rough plank bridges. "What a beautiful country," afterwards wrote Emilie. "Beautiful but violent, and death by drowning is common."

On the second day, after traversing a long stretch of sea beach they reached Wharangi about three miles below Foxton, where there was a ferry over the mouth of the Manawatu river, and took up residence in the ferry boardinghouse. To Johannes it seemed a desolate place with its spreading sand dunes reminiscent of the shores of western Jutland, and he failed to see how his mother could find any beauty in it. But Emilie, Louise and Karen delighted in the long white stretches of firm sand over which they took long walks collecting all kinds of beautiful sea weeds and shells, tracing the footprints of the sea birds and of travelling Maoris on the wet surfaces. One day they met a flock of quite a hundred sheep being driven along the coast, to them a novel sight as sheep in such numbers were rarely seen in Denmark.

Monrad thought it would do all of them good to stay there at Wharangi until the new house was reasonably ready to receive them. Every weekend he spared precious time to ride the twenty-five miles each way to visit them. The loss of Heie had greatly changed the situation for him and thrown greater responsibilities on his shoulders. He had been accustomed to accept readily Heie's advice on all farming matters and his and the family's letters still reflected their grief at the loss of their gay and ever-reliable friend. Monrad had now himself to make all the decisions on countless matters which were quite outside his experience, as well as to undertake more heavy physical work than he had expected. The difficulties ahead seemed such that he would have been justified in abandoning his plans for settling his sons in New Zealand and returning to Denmark where he could no doubt find peace and satisfaction in the care of a country parish. Such a retreat, however, never occurred to Monrad who had been accustomed to meet and overcome greater difficulties than those now facing him.

Life had long since disciplined him to accept disappointment and misfortune and taught him to press on undefeated by changed conditions. Obstacles that seemed unsurmountable were only challenges to be accepted, and he found he could still always find a way round them. He was stimulated by each success and the completion of each task left him pleased and satisfied. His wife was of the same type. After she came to Karere and had to

deal with many new or unaccustomed problems she wrote, "There is not a day that does not bring me a challenge and force me to meet it."

A number of young Danes had, during Monrad's short residence at Karere, sought him out but he found that they demanded more help for themselves than they could offer him. Fortunately West had carried out his intention of following them from Nelson, and had taken up land just across the river from Karere.* He was of great help but the bishop still felt he could not leave Johannes and West alone.

The construction of the house was beset with difficulty and progress was disappointingly slow. They cut timber higher up the river but the expected rains did not come and they were unable to float it down. Later when the rains did come they brought floods which swept much of the timber past Karere and far down the river. Maori helpers proved as unreliable as the carpenters, and the brickmaker suddenly disappeared leaving his bricks unfinished. While such replacements as he could get worked fitfully at the house, Monrad and Johannes built stockyards and fences and felled bush. They now had four cows with calves and got plenty of milk some of which they gave to their neighbour the Maori chief, Te Peeti te Awe Awe, who in return brought them eels. "He is my friend," wrote Monrad. "When he comes up here he eats dinner with us, takes a nap with us and smokes my Danish tobacco. The rest I try to keep a little at a distance. They are extremely intrusive."

For a time there were five of them, including West, working on the farm felling trees and clearing the land to provide pasture for the stock. They had a vegetable garden full of potatoes, carrots and cabbage, and ground was being worked up in preparation for Emilie's plants, flowers and shrubs. Monrad wrote of the sheer joy he got from swinging an axe and splitting the heavy logs, of using a spade in ground that had lain untouched since its creation, of riding his horse through the forest listening to the voices of nature in the manless wilderness.

The weeks passed and Monrad continued his regular visits to the womenfolk at Wharangi. It was not an easy trip through the thick forest to the Oroua river, the crossing of which was rather dangerous, his horse often floundering in the deep mud of the river bottom. The hard physical labour had rendered him tough and tireless and he was in excellent health but longing for the time when his family could be united in a comfortable home

* In 1870 West was followed to New Zealand by his brother Ludolph Georg West who practised as an architect in Palmerston North and was in 1886-87 mayor of the town.

where he would have an opportunity of resuming the literary work he had been forced to lay aside after Heie's death. Emilie also was becoming increasingly wearied of the long stay at Langley's uncomfortable hostelry at Wharangi. She had been reading a book about the queens of England of former times and pointed out to her husband that they had lived under no better conditions than she would experience in the hut at Karere. She urged him to let her share the clay cabin which she was sure she could make cosy with rugs, curtains and other things of her devising. Her husband at length succumbed to her pleas and although there had been four days of continuous rain that would make the track difficult they quickly packed up and all set out on horseback for their new home.

Emilie rode a tall but quiet horse called Sam, while Karen had a little mare. Louise was a good horsewoman and anticipated the trip with great pleasure. At times she galloped ahead for a distance and then returned to her mother, who thought how handsome she looked in her neat riding habit, little black hat and short face veil. When the girl halted beside a lakelet to water her horse the proud mother thought what a charming picture horse and rider made reflected in the clear water.

They had dinner at Foxton where they found Johannes awaiting them. They also saw Captain Robinson and Mr J. T. Stewart, who was the chief government surveyor, as well as other notables. After dinner they set off again on a long ride across rough, scrubby country until they reached the steep banks of the Oroua river, beyond which lay the forest. Here the travellers were greeted by a gathering of Maoris who had an abundance of refreshments for them and welcomed them formally to the district. As the crossing was rather hazardous for the women they did not attempt it on horseback. Dismounting, they scrambled down the bank and were paddled across in canoes by near naked Maoris and assisted up the steep bank on the other side by an old Maori woman attired, rather inadequately Emilie thought, in an old woollen blanket. They spent the night most uncomfortably in a hut near the river. In the morning they again mounted their horses, entered the forest, and followed a rough bush track, splashing through the deep pools left by the recent heavy rain. Emilie was now in her element and insisted on riding ahead of the party while her husband, his horse heavily laden with baggage, brought up the rear. Little Karen rode her mare confidently as if born to the saddle.

Emilie delighted in the cool shade of the trees that lined the track and from whose great overhanging branches climbing plants and vines hung in loops and festoons. From time to time

she recognised and was able to name the trees and shrubs that overhung or lined the narrow track. In places where the trees thinned they caught glimpses on their right of the wide Manawatu river with groves of fine tall trees on its high banks.

During the afternoon of that memorable day, 16 May, 1867, the party arrived at Karere and Emilie, riding majestically up on her big horse was greeted with cries of "Kapai, kapai" from the group of Maoris who, as usual, were lounging about watching the progress of the workers. "You can imagine that I was glad and grateful to dismount from the big splendid Sam who had carried me so faithfully," wrote Emilie to Ada when describing the trip. Her first thought as she arrived was "How Heie would have shouted for joy."

Kornerup, one of their party from Denmark, had shortly before joined Monrad at Karere, and had a good dinner of soup, meat and vegetables and pudding awaiting them in the clay hut. Emilie thought the hut looked unexpectedly attractive although, due no doubt to the heavy rains, it seemed a little damp. The men pitched a tent at one end of the hut and in this the women were to sleep while they occupied the hut itself. That night and afterwards they had a great fire blazing at the far end of the cabin and round this they sat talking, reading or trying to write, all happy at being able to live together again even under such novel and primitive conditions.

Anna, the Norwegian maid, had not come with them from Wanganui as she had little liking for pioneering and none at all for spartan life in the bush. Louise, however, was of different stuff. She revelled in the interesting and exhilarating surroundings and insisting on relieving her mother of all the baking and cooking. Her culinary studies while at Wanganui were now put to the test and she soon proved she was able to turn out creditable bread in the colonial oven and could put on regular meals despite rain and the absence of most kitchen conveniences. Though she and her mother found little comfort in the hut they considered this little to pay for the joy of being able to help their menfolk in a practical way in making a home in the wilderness. The family was more united than ever and found their community labour most satisfying.

Emilie found life in the bush an alternation of trials and delights, the latter compensating for all the hardships. There was joy in the sight of a fantail fluttering in and out of the cabin door, in the vines trailing from the forest trees, in the picture of Karen's rosy face pressed against the soft muzzle of Johannes' horse as she held it for him. "Whenever I need it, God takes me and shows me pictures from His great picture book."



VIGGO and OLGA MONRAD and two
children, 1881



HOMESTEAD AT KARERE SHOWING PORTION OF LAGOON AND CHILDREN IN MAORI CANOE

She soon busied herself in establishing another garden, for to her no place could be a home without one. Weeds, grass, thistles and roots had to be cleared out, but the work was worthwhile for the soil was fine and rich, justifying poor Heie's claim that it was almost as good as that of his beloved Lolland.

The bush closest to the cabin had now been felled and much of the debris burnt. All worked late into the night gathering the remaining timber into heaps and making blazing bonfires. The men enclosed about two acres with a stout paling fence in order to keep the area free from wild pigs, cows and horses, and here Emilie planted her first trees, shrubs, gooseberries, currants, strawberries, vegetables and flowers, and planned her lawn sloping down towards the lagoon. Near the house she planted an English elm.* The whole plan of buildings and garden reminded her strangely of her old home at Hummeltofte.

Monrad and Johannes were felling trees on the edge of the surrounding bush, while four other men were similarly engaged further back. The destruction of the beautiful forest was painful to Emilie, though she recognised its necessity. When the axemen came across a particularly beautiful tree or grove they obeyed Emilie's injunction to spare it, though her husband grumbled. "You can imagine how splendid a park it will look," she wrote to Ada, "and the background for years will be dense forest. I cannot describe the beauty of our woods. The little one near the garden is to be kept, and I will cut paths through it. There are fern trees among the high matais as if purposely planted: so rich a variety, always green and luxurious: ferns of all kinds, some fine and small and some with gigantic fronds that one can walk under, some climbing up the trunks, to say nothing of the lovely things that cover the fallen trees."

One of Emilie's greatest pleasures came when the men decided to cut a new track through the forest to enable them to bring in some sheep they were buying to supply the party with fresh meat. It was nearly a mile long. In some places the cutting was easy, but in others the thick tangle of vines and undergrowth made it slow and difficult. A most exciting discovery was a beautiful palm tree which they left standing, making a circular path round it. It was an uncommon variety but Emilie was able to recognise it from others she had seen in the botanical gardens at home and in Paris. None of those, however, could compare with this magnificent specimen. The trunk was two feet through, the fronds twelve or fourteen feet long, and Emilie could not

* This elm, probably the first English tree to be planted in the Upper Manawatu, still stands at Karere.

judge its height. What a beauty it was!* In another place the path crossed a clear creek over which they built a little bridge of split planks. "The sheep," remarked Monrad, "are providing Emilie with a wonderful walk."

Altogether about forty acres had been cleared, fenced and sown in grass and Monrad hoped he would have eighty acres cleared by the end of the year. Progress with the house, however, was as slow as ever and beset with trial and frustration. The water in the river was either too low to float the timber down from the place where the sawyers were operating or so high that there was danger that it would get out of control and be swept away. At times the logs got stranded on banks in the middle of the river, and once the Maoris who were responsible for its delivery went on strike and danced a haka in protest. Monrad had to make a fresh arrangement with them. At last it was all cut, sawn and landed on the site. The sawmillers came down to Karere and settled their accounts with Monrad, were paid, fed by Louise, and departed. Johannes and the carpenters redoubled their efforts to get the house finished and a new brickmaker was found to complete the work left by his vanished predecessor. Then suddenly the fencers caught the prevailing gold-fever and disappeared.

Emilie found a particular interest in the Maori people who lived in the pa at Tiakitahuna (anglicised Jackeytown) not far away. On the first Sunday after her arrival at Karere Monrad called to her to come outside as the Maori chief had come to meet her. She did so and to her surprise found the yard filled by a colourful crowd of people, some mounted on horses, others dismounted and lounging against the walls of the hut, while still more were galloping up along the track. It was Te Peeti te Awe Awe, chief of the Rangitane tribe, with his wife, small child, and a concourse of relatives and retainers. Emilie noticed that the chief "was dressed like a lord" and although he was unreserved and pleasant she thought he had "a cold eye." His wife was lovely. The lower part of her face was covered by a white scarf, but milder more beautiful eyes Emilie had never seen. She felt greatly at a loss at not being able to speak to her. Te Peeti and his brother went into the hut to talk to Monrad and there Emilie heard them reading to him in Maori, and he, in turn, reading to them. Apparently Monrad was losing no opportunity to brush up his Maori.

The Maoris in the district still held large areas of land but made little use of it. The young men were indolent, spending

* Probably a nikau: *Rhopalostylis sapida*.

their time strutting round and watching the white men as they laboured in the bush or round the house. Emilie grew to like and pity the women, who seemed to do most of the necessary work. She developed a particular affection for Ereni (Ellen), Te Peeti's sister, who was a lovely woman and often came to visit her. One day after the grand piano, which had with great labour been brought up the river on two large canoes lashed together, had been set up in the half-finished living room of the new house, Ereni arrived with two fine-looking Maoris, to whom she had promised "a miracle." She asked Louise to play for them, as she had previously played to her. The two sat spellbound, listening to strange and beautiful music, such as they had never before heard.

Te Peeti expressed the wish that Te Pihopa (as the Maoris called the bishop) might preach to them, but they had no church and they would like him to build one. To Monrad, who had not yet been able to provide a satisfactory roof for his family, this was rather a tall order, but he did think seriously of some kind of school for the Maoris where education and religious exercises could be combined. He wrote to the Church of England authorities and was promised school supplies.⁷ Emilie considered that when the house was finished she and Louise might be able to do something for the Maori girls. These hopes and plans, casually mentioned in their letters home, were retailed and embroidered until Monrad was amazed one day to read in a church paper sent out by a friend of his work as a missionary among the Maoris. "I wouldn't mind what they say," he remarked, "if I didn't have to read about it." Nevertheless he did much for his Maori neighbours in a practical way, one of his efforts being the erection of a large pataka* in which he kept a store of tea and other groceries which he sold to them at wholesale prices.

One day in July a messenger mounted on a beautiful white horse and with a black scarf tied round his hat, rode up to the house. He had come from Jackeytown and carried a memorial signed by ten of the head men asking Te Pihopa to come and conduct an English service at the burial of a child whose parents were baptised Christians. Monrad responded to the appeal and when he arrived at the pa found a large gathering of people awaiting him. After the burial he was invited by Te Peeti to afternoon tea, which was followed by a long speech by the chief, concluding with an invitation to all and sundry to come again in the evening when there would be dances, speeches and drinking. Monrad readily perceived that there was plenty of scope for missionary work right on his own doorstep.

* A storehouse erected on long piles as a protection against the intrusion of rats.

Not long afterwards Ereni came with a fine young Christian Maori who wanted the bishop to baptise his child. Monrad promised to come and Emilie provided an enamelled washbowl which would serve as a font until something better could be obtained. As the ceremony would be probably the first of its kind which many of the Maoris had witnessed Monrad instructed them in the proper procedure at such a service, telling them to wash and come in their best clothes. The creed was read aloud in English by a Maori and Monrad then conducted the service of baptism. The people appreciated his action and a little later fifty of them rode in to Karere to pay a formal visit. They wore their finest native cloaks and Emilie did her best to entertain them in a manner befitting the occasion. The task was rather difficult as she could understand little of their talk though later she was to become more proficient. Visits between Te Peeti and Ereni and the Monrads ensued and the two women became fast if rather silent friends. It was not unusual for Ereni to ride over and, finding Emilie busy in her garden, to sit quietly beside her for a time and then as silently depart. Emilie always seeking to judge people by the eyes, often observed how good and wonderfully beautiful Ereni's were.

By August the large living room was sufficiently ready to receive some of the furniture that Johannes was making, and the two women were able to sleep together in the big four-poster bed he had installed. To compensate for the absence of springing the mattress had been filled with manuka branchlets. There was also a day couch on which Emilie could rest and each evening she lay there and listened to Louise playing on the piano. Johannes hastened to get all the beds finished and fitted with mosquito curtains before the hot summer weather returned. For Emilie, accustomed to a snowy European winter, it was difficult to realise that for all the mild enjoyable weather they were having this was midwinter. Only the snow on the distant mountains and the bare branches of the English trees she had planted offered some proof. The surrounding forest was green and lovely and she could remain outside all day preparing her garden for the spring. When September came she was busy planting out seedlings and sowing flower and vegetable seeds, sometimes calling on her husband, Louise and Karen to lend a hand. There were seeds and plants from Nelson and Wanganui and even some that Ada had sent out from Denmark, and Emilie could never resist transplanting attractive shrubs she came across in the bush.

Emilie greatly enjoyed her solitary rambles in the forest, especially when spring came with all its colour and freshness.

Her letters to Ada were full of descriptions of the little discoveries and experiences that so delighted her. One day when walking through the bush across the lagoon she found some apple and cherry trees in full bloom, while nearby a golden flowered kowhai raised its blossom-laden branches against the clear blue sky; and then to complete her joy a great pigeon flew down and settled on a nearby karaka. On the Government land on the other side of the wide river bed could be seen flowering peach trees and some lovely red bushes that stood out vividly against the sombre green of the forest. Soon in the forest itself the high tree-tops became aglow with the red blooms of the rata, while the tall palms along the forest margin bore large clusters of white orange-scented flowers that contrasted with the glistening dark-green leaves of the karakas. But Emilie's greatest delight came when she walked across a glade to be confronted by a mass of clematis in flower climbing round or hanging in white festoons from the trees or even forming a flower decked arbour. She sometimes took home with her some of the trailing flower-covered vines to drape carelessly along the walls of her sitting room and over the pictures as a decoration. It grieved her that her descriptions were so inadequate to portray the beauty she saw around her. She longed to draw these lovely scenes but she felt that her art was too poor. Perhaps Louise would do it, but where would she find the time?

Before the house was finished Monrad had contrived a room where he and Emilie could go, when they had a spare hour, for quiet times and reading together. Monrad missed his literary studies which he had been compelled to set aside after they left Wanganui, and opportunity for their resumption seemed an ever receding mirage. A new reading club called the Athenaeum had been formed in Foxton and the bishop was elected an honorary member. It was unfortunately impossible for him to join actively in the club's proceedings, but in deference to the committee that had honoured him he rode into Foxton one evening to meet the members. He found that Captain Robinson had a fine library and was prepared to let him have free access to it. In this library Monrad saw enough books to keep him, he estimated, in reading matter for fifty years.

Johannes, always busy, still found time of an evening to get out his scroll saw and make an ornamental door for a little cupboard to contain his mother's collection of shells. He knew that such little embellishments to the rather crude surroundings gave her a pleasure quite disproportionate to the work involved or its merit. Throughout the winter the lad had been engaged on a variety of jobs. At times he was up the river cutting logs and

getting them out of the bush, and then he would be at home making a shed for the new calf. He moulded bullets and hunted for wild pigs, bought and trained a hunting dog, learned to handle a long stockwhip, and rode through the forest to Foxton for the mail, a task the settlers undertook in turns. But always there was the seemingly interminable task of completing the new house and then of making the furniture for it. Little Karen was his constant admirer and ready slave. She held his horse when commanded, helped him to drive in the cows for milking, tended the chickens and orphan lambs and helped her father to make the candles.

Emilie also was engaged in a continuous round of tasks. In addition to her work in the large garden she tended the sick lambs and helped with a hundred household duties. She delighted in the lovely spring season even though the warm fine weather was occasionally broken by violent storms of rain, wind and thunder that came roaring over the forest. "The life of a pioneer is hard," she wrote in her diary, "but there is something grand and inspiring about it; every day has its tasks; there are hundreds of emergencies." Again and again she thought of Heie and then of his mother. She missed him daily, not so much for the loss of his ability and industry as for his cheerful affectionate nature and ever ready laughter that had done much to lighten hardships.

It was a life full of incident, small and great; the cows running away into the bush and having to be found and driven back, the sheep breaking through hedge and fence into her precious garden, the two little kittens dying and Karen singing plaintive songs as she washed the dishes, and then the sudden terrible storms accompanied by thunder and lightning. Emilie realised that Louise was working too hard and grieved that her naturally gay young daughter should be so far from the pleasures of normal young companionship with "twenty-five miles of primeval forest on the one side to a little town, a raging river on the other, and on the third an unknown extent of forest." Louise stuffing mattresses with dry fern, Louise helping her mother plant shrubs and trees, Louise so strong and efficient and good and glad: Emilie was filled with admiration for her courage and strong will. And then Louise caught a chill in the unfinished draughty house and Emilie and Karen carried on with all the work inside the house and outside, and whenever Karen could find a little time she sat by the bedside and read to her. Emilie's health had not improved and the additional burden of work taxed her severely. Secretly she wrote in her diary, "I am very tired," and was glad

indeed to know that soon Olga was coming from Wanganui and would be able to help them.

During this time Viggo had continued with his job at the Survey Office, but in this work he foresaw long periods of camping in the bush and little future for himself. In October, eighteen months after the family had landed in New Zealand, he was able to write to his father that he and Johannes had been assigned their land, but they would have to occupy it for twenty months before they could get a title. So he brought Olga and little Ditlev to Karere and he and Johannes prepared to set off for Patea. While Johannes was delighted at the prospect of having a place of his own his father was concerned that he should at such an early age, he was only nineteen, have to undertake a man's responsibilities. Monrad was far from happy about the whole position of his family. The Governor's generous and well meant assistance had proved a mixed blessing and complicated things, and matters were not turning out as Monrad had planned. He was pleased that the boys could be settled on their own land without outlay of purchase money, but he realised that it might be difficult for him to carry on the development of Karere without them. Already his thoughts were dwelling on a return to Denmark, perhaps more for Emilie's sake than his own, although he could see that this would not be possible for at least three years. It had always been his hope and intention that eventually Viggo should take over Karere, but if that transpired he could not see that Johannes would want to remain alone at Patea. There was, of course, the possibility that he would sell the Patea property and buy land near Viggo. "If only," he wrote to Ada, "you could send out a Danish wife to him by that time."

The night before Viggo and Johannes were to leave, Emilie, though with a heavy heart, arranged and decorated one of the rooms as a little chapel, and together with the two Danes who were then working on the place they held a communion service. Instead of reading a sermon, as was his custom for these small intimate services, Monrad preached very seriously and afterwards all felt calm and more confident of the future.

Early in the morning the boys said farewell and started off on the long ride to Patea. Viggo's mare was accompanied by a colt that trotted after them all the way. They had an unpleasant journey, jogging over rough tracks and bad roads, swimming rivers and struggling afoot up steep hillsides in pouring rain until they reached the military headquarters at Patea to report to their major who, with his officers, received them in a very friendly manner. They were later shown over the land which was mostly open country watered by a creek running through a deep gully.

There were forty acres of bush. Their sections adjoined but unfortunately there was a wedge of Maori land running into the block, and this proved a source of much trouble between their Maori neighbours and themselves. Though classed as "friendly" the Maoris were prone to yell "Damn the Queen" when angry. They broke down fences and stole the boys' horses which Johannes was able to recover only after a pursuit involving trouble and expense.

The brothers lived in tents, their stores being kept in a pataka similar to the one they had built at Karere. They planned, as a first task, to enclose seventeen acres with a live hedge. Four months later Johannes returned to Karere for a short holiday, his father noting further development in his physique and character. Monrad's early doubts of Johannes's capability of standing on his own feet were dispelled, and it was apparent that although only a youth he was now quite fitted to work alone and enjoyed being his own master.

Meanwhile the homestead at Karere had slowly advanced towards completion, and by the beginning of December the whole family was comfortably installed in it. Emilie had used her talent for home-making to the utmost and achieved a very satisfying result. There were pictures on the walls and rugs on the floor, the bishop's books were arranged on shelves ready to his hand and the grand piano stood in a corner of the living room.

The house itself with its stark, unpainted weatherboards standing bleakly in the middle of the rough bush clearing was hardly attractive in appearance and had no resemblance whatever to the pleasant restful homes of the old country, but compared with the clay hut, which stood apologetically beside it, it was almost palatial.*

Olga and Louise worked cheerfully together, sharing all household chores and looking forward to preparation for a second New Zealand Christmas, which they hoped would prove happier than the last. Despite the absence of the two boys all felt brighter in the possession of a real home at last and Emilie marvelled at the cheerfulness of the girls and the obvious joy and contentment with which they carried on their work. "We sit every evening after tea at the big round table, the room lighted with kerosene lamps, a great fire blazing on the hearth, Louise sewing clothes for Karen, Olga mending Ditlev's clothes, myself knitting socks and father reading aloud. At nine o'clock we call the men in for a supper of milk, bread and butter, and then we talk until ten."

For nearly a year Monrad had lived in the bush in a tent or in the clay hut, and never alone. He had had no place where he

* The house was destroyed by fire in 1889.

could read or study in comfort, and he now enjoyed his new quarters to the full. "Now I can sit comfortably at a table in a room . . . my books have been forwarded and set up in book-cases. But in the pleasure I am now able to take in my present circumstances I realise how tired I was beginning to feel of my former way of life . . . It is a really comfortable home with my books, portfolios and etchings arranged and it is a joy indeed to browse through the latter . . . dear faithful friends. And the little grandson, a bright lad. How such a little man can fill the house! It is empty without him." But as for serious study and his Bible translations, the daily demands on his time and attention left little or no time for these.

In November they bought a Maori canoe in which they paddled about the lagoon and even crossed the river to see West's land on the other side. They could now fish to advantage for the eels with which the lagoon was well stocked. Monrad, who liked fishing, noted in his diary: "This whole week very lucky; caught a lot of large eels in our lake . . . they are a very welcome addition to our larder. Mother regards them highly. At sunset Louise and I go out in the canoe and set the eel-trap and then I practise at paddling the canoe. At sunrise I go out and lift the trap, hang it on a pole, and bring the catch home. When I get there I set the fire and as soon as it is burning well I call Louise. When she comes down I boil some water, wash, shave, etc. By seven o'clock we have had tea and I set to and study my Maori and after that have Latin with Louise until eight. By then Olga and the boy are up. Until eleven I cut thistles with Ehlers (I must be with him when he works). From eleven to twelve I teach Karen. Between twelve and two we have lunch and rest, from two to three I teach Karen, from three to six more work, six to seven tea and rest, from seven to eight-thirty out with Louise to set the eel-trap and then I read aloud from Shakespeare's cycle of historical plays, Danish books, Plautus, Moliere, etc." The whole family studied and discussed with great interest Darwin's "Origin of Species," a copy of which Monrad had borrowed from Captain Robinson. Monrad loved to order his day in such a manner, but more often than not the programme was upset by sudden calls and emergencies.

Naturally enough the little settlement at Karere became widely known and a centre of attraction to many young Danes who came to New Zealand. Some Monrad employed, others were unemployable but had to be helped financially and sent on their way with some fatherly advice. One man, Thiele, whom his friend Hother Hage had recommended, reminded them of Heie, and stayed with them for six months helping on the farm. Presently

Frederik Kornerup, happy and optimistic, again appeared. He was travelling round the countryside selling brushes. The biggest merchant in the country, he claimed, had started as a peddler. Bloch, whom they had left in Nelson working for a photographer, and who had been badly taken down, also sought them out. He brought his camera with him and, much to the ladies' delight, took some pictures. He had become engaged to a Nelson girl and was now tramping the country as a travelling photographer in the hope of eventually being able to set up in business on his own. But this continual stream of visitors, who always expected to stay overnight, could become tiresome. Monrad found that it was much easier to be alone in Copenhagen than in the New Zealand bush.

At times, either out of pity or his own necessity, Monrad employed some of these wanderers and records, sometimes despairingly and at other times humorously, his experiences with them. There was one "monument to inefficiency" who could demonstrate how slowly it was possible to move. He lost his watch through a hole in his pocket and when Emilie found it for him he promptly put it back in the same pocket and lost it again. He explained to Louise that if he used all his strength when he worked he would not expect to live more than ten years. "Would that I were a writer of comedies," exclaimed Monrad. "What a character! Would that Plautus had known him!"

But for all his cares Monrad always saw life at Karere as "something utterly enchanting." The daily life with those he loved, their work together, the beauty of nature, the surrounding forest echoing with bird songs, the flowers in Emilie's garden and, in winter, the gleam of snow on the distant mountains, all contributed to a happiness he had seldom before known. The heavy work was like a tonic and the tingling sensation in his arm which he had felt before he left Denmark and which he feared presaged a stroke, had entirely disappeared. He wrote to his old friend Tscherning: "I am physically strong—a ride of thirty English miles a day does not worry me—but I am much thinner."

On rare occasions they were visited by other settlers in the Manawatu who came riding through the bush from their outlying farms. The one they liked best was Peter Stewart, a Scotsman who owned a nearby property, and had been a carpenter before he took up his land. Eighteen months after they came to Karere they had a most welcome visit from a Miss Dalrymple. She had come up from Dunedin to keep house for her brother who had land at Te Matai on the other side of the Papaioeia clearing. She and Louise became great friends and whenever she came they

had a day of music. The piano was a constant joy and had stood up wonderfully to the hard treatment it had gone through.

But they had no sooner settled down to a happy routine in the new house than misfortune struck again. Maori dogs worried and killed a great many sheep, some were stolen and others died from eating a poisonous plant. When the stock was tallied it was found that three-quarters had been lost.

This was their greatest setback since Heie's death, and gave Monrad a sense of inadequacy as a farmer. He blamed himself for the disaster which made him more conscious than ever of the risks to life and fortune attendant on pioneering life. He felt, possibly unjustifiably, that his own lack of care and experience had contributed to the disaster, and was humiliated to realise that he was grappling with problems for which he had neither training nor experience. Perhaps, he thought, he was now too old to learn.

To crown this misfortune Monrad himself had a serious accident. He had ridden to Foxton and on his return was dismounting at the pasture gate when his saddle slipped and he fell. His horse reared and stepped heavily on his thigh. The injury was severe and for some time he was unable to walk. However enforced rest and the application of cold water compresses to the contused wound as well as the use of a famous cure-all to which the colonists pinned their faith, helped his recovery. This period of impatiently endured inactivity coincided with a time when he happened to have the most inefficient farmhands in his experience, the men, including his "monument to inefficiency," requiring constant supervision if any work was to be done. As it was much work was left undone and the whole season's operations fell into arrear.

Thus passed Christmas 1867 and during those depressing and worry-filled weeks of enforced idleness the future seemed black indeed and thoughts of Denmark became more persistent. The picture of a small house near Copenhagen with a garden, definitely a garden, became very attractive. The members of the family laughed at themselves for making such plans even in fancy, for they knew it must be at least three years before the boys would be established and the rest of the family could return home. Their letters during this period reflect varying moods, their temporary discouragements, their longing for the old life and their joys and delights in their present surroundings, their love of the beauty that encircled them and their willingness to face this hard and strange existence in all its reality until their object had been achieved.

The manner in which the womenfolk cheerfully assumed the whole responsibility of carrying on the farm while he lay idle in bed brought to Monrad an enhanced appreciation of their loyalty and unselfishness. On 27 December he recorded: "Louise has been my nurse. I have come to appreciate the dear child more sincerely than ever. She is in many respects unsurpassable."

Karen busied herself with tending her father's precious tobacco plants and removing the surplus shoots, while mother overtaxed her strength in the flower and vegetable garden. Monrad had experimented in the cultivation of the tobacco plant at Karere and his success was such that he had plans to manufacture tobacco, contemplating the importation of machinery to process it. He found, however, that taxation and regulation were obstacles he could not overcome and there was no prospect of making the venture an economic success. He discovered one good use for the tobacco leaves. If moistened and placed on the fire they produced a cloud of smoke which, although it quickly drove everyone from the room, killed the mosquitoes that at times made life almost unbearable and they fell in thousands to the floor. "In our paradise there are no serpents, but unfortunately mosquitoes."

In February they were disturbed by three heavy earthquakes, to them a terrifying visitation. To Monrad it seemed as if a giant had seized the house piles and shaken them violently.

For all his misfortunes Monrad recorded optimistically that things could be worse. He had not been swallowed up by either an earthquake or his Jackeytown friends. "We have hopes that there is a good prospect for our sons here. There is much work to do in this beautiful country. God willing it is possible that at some future date either they or some of their descendants will be able to visit Denmark and I need not add how glad I would be to see them once more. Time runs very swiftly but when my thoughts turn to departure for home my longing is extreme. When looking forward two years seems a very long time and a lot can happen in that period."

When matters seemed at their worst the Monrads were greatly assisted and encouraged by the arrival of two young Danes, Thiele and Rasmussen, who afforded them loyal and efficient help. Then prospects on the farm improved. The potato crop was phenomenal. Despite temporary setbacks that on one occasion necessitated bringing in the doctor from Foxton, Emilie's health seemed on the whole to be better than it was when they left Denmark, a fact which her husband attributed to the wonderfully equable climate.

Then Johannes came home for a short holiday. He had ridden

eighty miles but was full of life and energy and his presence was an immediate tonic to them all. To further signalise the turn of fortune 23 March 1868 brought them another young Dane, Hans Callesen, who had left his native Slesvig to avoid living under German rule and enforced service in the German Army. Hans agreed to work for the Monrads and proved a tower of strength. He was somewhat of a giant in stature, immensely strong, intelligent and of excellent character. "It pleases me greatly to have such a representative of Denmark working with me," wrote Monrad. "The Maoris should have a healthy respect for him. He looks as if he could take on half a dozen of them." Callesen, who was twenty-two years of age, had a wife and child in Slesvig, and regularly sent his money home to them until he could arrange to get them out to New Zealand. He wore a great blond beard which he tucked inside his vest while working and there it was out of the way and providing warmth.

A week after Callesen's arrival Olga had her second child, a boy. Viggo happened to be on his way to Karere at the time and all were very happy together. On 13 April the child was christened Aarne David by his grandfather, but the following day he became suddenly ill and died. Thiele made a little coffin which they covered with flowers. He also prepared a grave in the shadow of the trees near the lagoon edge and there the child was buried.

In the following month Monrad made the long ride to Patea and inspected his sons' land. He stayed with the boys for three days and then rode back to Karere. He was attracted to the Patea property but was in a dilemma as to what he should do, for he felt that when Viggo came to take over Karere on his parents' departure for Denmark, Johannes would still be too young to manage the Patea land alone. He and his wife had thoughts of going to stay with Johannes for a while before they left for home, but in June Thiele and Callesen returned from a visit to Foxton with news of rumours from Patea of trouble with the Maoris, and that settlers had been attacked and murdered. Olga was alarmed at the news, her husband being on the scene of the trouble and liable to be called up for active service. Impatient for more news Monrad went to Foxton for the latest mail and learned from the newspapers that there had been another murder and that those attacked were settlers who had been located on confiscated land.* A punitive force was being organised but the hostile Maoris had withdrawn to their fast-

* Three military settlers, Cahill, Clark and Squires were killed near Mawhiti-whiti on 19 June, while Trooper Smith was killed close by the Waihi redoubt a few days later. His body was removed to Titokowaru's stronghold at Te-ngutu-o-te-manu and eaten.

nesses deep in the bush. It transpired that these warriors were followers of Titokowaru, a Hauhau priest and chief of the Nga-Ruahine tribe.

Monrad learned that the trouble between the Taranaki Maoris and the Government arose largely out of unjust confiscation of native land which roused fierce resentment amongst the Maoris. At this critical time some of the Maori tribes became welded into a formidable force by the introduction of a fanatical religion known as Pai-marire or Hauhau, which worked feeling up to fever heat and resulted in a first outbreak of fighting in Taranaki in 1864. After a bitter campaign the Maoris had been temporarily subdued. Settlement of the land confiscated as punishment of the rebels commenced in 1866. This led to further sporadic outbreaks, but the rise in 1868 of a new and influential fighting chief to unite and lead the tribes made the position more menacing. This chief, Titokowaru, was an intelligent and skilful fighter and, as a priest of the new religion, revived some of the barbaric ancient customs including cannibalism.

At this juncture Johannes and Viggo, in common with the other military settlers in the district, were forced to leave their land and live in a redoubt. They were impatient of this inaction and of the fact that they had not been called up to serve with the forces. During the following month the family received news of the attack on the redoubt at Turuturumokai and learned that the boys were now on active service, Viggo being engaged in collecting settlers and their families and escorting them to safety in the redoubt at Wanganui.

Meanwhile work went on quietly at Karere. More bush was felled and burnt and the land cleared, fenced and cultivated. Monrad planned to sow wheat in the autumn and persevered with his experiments in growing tobacco. In August 1868 he was able to use a plough for the first time. He was most anxious that the farm should be made self-supporting before he left. The work was sadly crippled when Thiele and Rasmussen could contain themselves no longer and left to volunteer in the militia.

Johannes and Viggo were in a most invidious position. They were held in reserve as it was thought that as foreigners they would not be able to handle colonial troops successfully, but they were not allowed to serve in the ranks unless they surrendered their commissions and gave up their land. A lull in hostilities later allowed Johannes to go out and work on his land each day and soon he had cleared and grassed a substantial area. He worked with a revolver in his belt and kept his horse saddled and tethered nearby. Later he participated with Thiele

and Rasmussen in Colonel Whitmore's abortive and costly attack on Moturoa, but all came out safely.

All this depressing news from Patea disturbed the peaceful calm at Karere, but the work continued without interruption. Taranaki was far away and the local natives seemed friendly. One quiet night, in the middle of November, however, the family was startled by the arrival of a horseman with the news that hostile Maoris were only two miles away. Monrad refused to believe this and sent West out to investigate. Callesen loaded his gun and Olga gave thought to how many sharp knives they had in the house. Then they all sat round the fire with Monrad reading aloud as usual, but there was naturally a feeling of tension. Whenever the dogs barked they dropped what they were doing and listened intently. Presently West returned and laughingly informed them that the Maoris were nowhere near, and, reassured, they all went to bed. Monrad lay awake that night trying to think the position out. As usual he wanted to make a definite decision and form his plans. In the morning his calmness had a steadying effect on all, but the question still remained — should they stay or go?

During the morning their friend Peter Stewart went to the Jackeytown pa to find it deserted. Six settlers who had been greatly disturbed by Te Peeti's announcement that Titokowaru had proclaimed his intention of coming down to "clear out the Manawatu," were busy cutting timber in the bush to build a blockhouse. Some of the women and children were taken to Foxton where a fort was being built alongside the Rev. Duncan's house. Monrad, however, elected to stay.

A couple of days later Emilie, while resting on her bed, was disturbed by Te Peeti's voice in the living room. He had a letter in Maori and Monrad sat down to study it. It purported to be from the Minister of Defence and was addressed to the two Rangitane chiefs, Te Peeti te Awe Awe and Kawana Hunia, informing them that the Hauhaus were thought to be coming to the Manawatu, and asking the chiefs to warn the Queen's Maoris and the settlers that they must fend for themselves. Monrad, to be quite sure of its meaning, wanted an English translation of the letter and Johan Aagaard, a Dane who was then at Karere, rode off to Jackeytown to get it. Monrad and the chief pored over a map and Te Peeti pointed out that there were declared Hauhaus not far from them. He knew there was going to be a meeting of disaffected Maoris at Rangitikei next day and promised Monrad that he would let him know the result so that the latter could if necessary warn the dozen or so settlers along the river.

Emilie wanted Olga and Louise to pack at once but they shared the bishop's reluctance to abandon their home. She went quietly ahead packing her smaller treasures. The next day J. T. Dalrymple rode in from his farm at Te Matai. He had packed and buried his household possessions and taken his sister to Sly's. All the other settlers had decided to leave the next day for Foxton, and he urged the Monrads to do the same. Monrad was still not convinced that it was necessary to abandon his homestead and when eventually persuaded that he must he took it harder than those who were sure that danger was imminent. "It is possible that that letter was a fraud," he said to Emilie. But there was no time to obtain confirmation of the position from Wellington and the risks seemed too great for him to delay a decision any longer. He gave orders to pack and all began in earnest to prepare to leave.

Dalrymple helped them and they noticed that he wore a revolver under his coat. Peter Stewart also arrived and insisted on lending a hand, busying himself with nailing up the windows and making sure that the door locks were secure. Both settlers were in a state of nerves, but Callesen was unconcerned. He dug a large hole underneath the pataka and in this the packed chests were buried for safety, as much from the "friendly" Maoris as from the Hauhaus.

The next morning all the nearby settlers, numbering nineteen, left, the Monrads promising to follow as soon as they could. Preparations to leave went steadily ahead. They noticed Callesen with a sly grin on his face planting tobacco plants in the disturbed soil. He informed Monrad that he preferred to stay on. Monrad was glad enough to give his consent provided he slept at Jackeytown. He well knew that if the place was entirely abandoned the Maoris, friendly or otherwise, would slaughter the stock and rifle or even burn the house.

The family worked all through the night and on into the next day. There was still much to be done when in the early afternoon the dogs began a frantic barking and a man rode up to the door shouting that the Hauhaus had broken through the colonial forces at Wanganui and had reached Oroua. Monrad now became justifiably alarmed for the safety of his family and told Aagaard to gallop to Jackeytown and ask Ereni for the immediate loan of some horses and a side saddle or, if she could not do this, for the biggest canoe at the village. Aagaard was back in a short time with the news that a large canoe would soon be on its way up-river and they could expect it to arrive in about half an hour.

The Monrads now made great haste to complete their preparations and get dressed for the journey. At the last moment



SECOND HOMESTEAD AT KARERE

Showing at centre Elm Tree planted by Emilie Monrad in 1867



POTATO PLANTING AT KARERE, 1896
O. Monrad, C. Cartwright, S. Ronberg, P. Dalgaard

Emilie ran out for a final look at her garden where she had spent many happy days, and to gather a bunch of flowers for the children. The dogs, seeing her in travelling clothes, howled and jumped, straining on their chains and she found it hard to leave these faithful friends.

It was in every respect a gloomy day. The sky was darkened by heavy black clouds, rain threatened and there were rolls of distant thunder. "Hurry," shouted Monrad, "we must reach the Half Crown Bend by nightfall."* The two Maoris and a white man who had brought up the canoe, took axes and quickly cut dry manuka to spread in the bottom, the party embarked and the long canoe shot out into the river leaving Callesen and Aagaard waving on the bank. They shouted farewell to Callesen, who was to remain, and to Aagaard who would follow them on horseback. Very soon a bend in the river hid Karere from view.

The canoe glided swiftly downstream and before long they were opposite the Jackeytown pa. Here a crowd of men, women and children stood on the bank. Ereni waded out into the river to bid them an affectionate goodbye, and Emilie could hardly restrain her tears as she looked for the last time on the beautiful face of her Maori friend. "I gave her my flowers, the children threw theirs toward the shore and adults and children rushed into the water to gather them." There were friendly shouts of farewell, the canoe sped on, and soon the waving crowd on the steep bank was lost to view.

Below Jackeytown the river was dangerous, being full of half-buried tree trunks brought down by the floods, but the sturdy Maori canoe-men skilfully negotiated these obstacles and they proceeded swiftly and without mishap down the winding river. Suddenly the rain that had threatened all afternoon came in a downpour and drenched them, but in a short time they pulled in at the Half Crown Bend. The steep river bank was crowded with Maoris awaiting their arrival, among them many old acquaintances who had gathered to say goodbye. Their shouts of welcome made the little band of refugees feel almost as if they were coming home to people of their own. Monrad was carried up the bank as if in triumph, and a lovely young chief-tainess insisted immediately on showing Emilie her new baby. All were led into the big meeting house to have tea, and presently Te Peeti and his wife called on them. The chief wore white gloves and his dignified presence and manner reminded them of a high functionary at home. He had attended the meeting

* Half Crown Bend was the common name for Ngawakarau, now known as Rangitane. This was the limit of tidal influence on the river and of upstream whaleboat navigation.

of Hauhaus and Queen's Maoris and now produced a memorandum in Maori setting out the results of that meeting. Monrad and Louise studied the lengthy account while Te Peeti recited and explained over and over in dramatic fashion what had happened, concluding by urging Monrad to return home. This the bishop refused to do for the accounts of tragic happenings on the East Coast, where Te Kooti's fanatics had murdered a large number of settlers including women and children were horrifying. Even if he did return it would not be long before he would be leaving finally for Denmark. He realised that one active man like Callesen could move quickly if he kept his horse ready, but with three women and a child to protect the risk was too great. Sleep eluded Emilie all that night. "It is not an unmixed blessing to me that Monrad always sleeps well." Next day they bade their friends farewell, went aboard the canoe and continued their river journey of fifty miles to Foxton. The Maoris stood in long rows on the bank, the women holding up their children for Emilie to see, and all cried a tangi of farewell.

All of the little party were glad when the long cramped journey was over and they could step ashore near the river mouth to find accommodation at Langley's inn at Wharangi where the women had stayed while waiting to go on to Karere. Here, to their distress, they again met tragedy, for lying in one room badly wounded and apparently dying was young Frederik Kornerup, who had recently stayed with them at Karere. They were informed that he had been travelling up the coast on foot carrying his pack, and when crossing the Ohau river by the ferry had been struck on the back of the head with a tomahawk by a Maori who had crept up behind him. Although badly injured Kornerup had struggled along the beach as far as the Manawatu where he had collapsed and been carried to Langley's. Emilie nursed him continuously until he died. All were deeply grieved at the fate that had overtaken yet another of the little band that had set out from Denmark with such high hopes. To them this place seemed accursed for it was in the wide estuary opposite the inn that Gotfred Heie had lost his life.

At Foxton the family was treated with hospitality. The Kebbells urged them to stay at their home until they had to leave, while Mr Justice Johnston wrote asking that they spend their time in Wellington in his home. They preferred, however, to stay together at Langley's until their departure, and had arranged to live with the Toxwards in Wellington until they sailed. Emilie and the girls were on the beach one day gathering shells when to their delight Johannes galloped up. He had got a few days leave to come down from Patea and say goodbye.

Monrad was still concerned over the position in which he was leaving his sons. As already mentioned he had decided that when the time came for him to leave New Zealand Viggo should take over Karere. This would, however, mean that Viggo would have to give up occupation of his land at Patea. As soon as Monrad reached Wellington he sought permission from the Minister of Defence for Viggo to employ a substitute to remain in occupation at Patea so that he could go to Karere. Sir George Grey had in 1868 given place to Sir George Bowen as Governor and Monrad found his reception less cordial than previously, but the necessary permission was eventually granted, and that disposed of one of his anxieties.

Before leaving New Zealand Monrad paid a last visit to Karere where he found that nothing untoward had happened and Callesen had conscientiously discharged his trust. The threatened irruption of the Hauhaus had not taken place and no trouble was now expected. On his way out to the farm he had met a party of Maoris who had danced a vigorous haka, but finding they could not intimidate him they had let him pass unmolested.

Two days before his ship sailed Monrad wrote to the Colonial Secretary as follows:

Wellington, 8th. January, 1869.

Sir,

I have the pleasure to offer to the Colonial Museum a small collection of Etchings and Engravings, hoping it will be accepted and taken good care of.

Your obedient servant,

D. G. Monrad.

The Colonial Secretary replied as follows:

Colonial Secretary's Office,
Wellington, 8th. January, 1869.

My Lord,

I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your Lordship's letter of this day, in which you offer to the Colonial Museum a collection of Etchings and Engravings a list of which you enclose.

I have to express, on behalf of the New Zealand Government, the high sense which it entertains of the value of this handsome donation, and of the generous motives which have prompted your Lordship in making it. . . .

Directions will be given to exhibit and take every care of this valuable collection, which will ever form a lasting memorial of the visit to this Colony of your Lordship, who recently held such a distinguished official position in the service of your Country, with which Great Britain is intimately allied.

Trusting that your Lordship may have a pleasant voyage to England.

I have, etc.,

E. W. Stafford.

The list enclosed with Monrad's letter covering the "small collection" comprised 596 items which included works by Durer, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Vostermans, Paul Potter and many other famous artists.*

In making this presentation to the people of New Zealand Monrad was moved by feelings of gratitude for the friendship and assistance extended to him when a lonely exile by Sir George Grey and the other residents of New Zealand with whom he had contact in Nelson, Wellington and Wanganui, as well as by his fellow-pioneers in the Manawatu bush. It was no small sacrifice. These were the works he and Høyen had delighted to collect in the pleasant years before the catastrophe of 1864 and which he had chosen to take with him into exile as something of the culture of his homeland. They were undoubtedly his most valuable personal possession and he well knew that his advancing years and uncertain financial position would render it impossible for him to assemble again such an extensive collection.

The method the Colonial Government followed "to exhibit and take every care of this valuable collection" was to store them in the cellars of the General Assembly Library where they remained neglected for some fifty years until another Dane, the late Mr Johannes C. Andersen who had been on the staff of the Library, was appointed Chief Librarian of the Alexander Turnbull Library. He was instrumental in having the collection transferred to the latter library where they were preserved until taken over by the National Art Gallery in 1937. Then for the first time a small number were placed on public exhibition. It was not until 1956 on the occasion of the 350th anniversary of Rembrandt's birth that a further selection was placed on public exhibition. Monrad's was the most munificent art gift ever made to the New Zealand public.

On 10th January, 1869, Monrad and his wife and two daughters, Louise and Karen, embarked on the sailing ship **Asterope** for London.

The voyage to England was not without incident. The captain was ill when the ship left Wellington and he died a few days later. Monrad administered communion to the dying captain and officiated at his burial. His lessons in navigation during the outward voyage to New Zealand now came in useful for he was called upon to assist with the navigation of the ship. Later a child died and two of the passengers became demented, one of them jumping overboard and the other having to be kept bound until

* A list on the engravings, etc., is contained in the General Assembly Library catalogue p. 322 et seq.

the vessel reached port. But Monrad's greatest anxiety was Emilie's state of health which deteriorated to such an extent that at times he despaired of her life. To his great relief her condition improved as they neared England, and she was able to read with interest a copy of the Rev. Richard Taylor's book which had been published in England, and was pleased to note the author's generous references to her husband.*

On 28th April, 1869, Monrad again set foot on Danish soil.

(v) *BACK IN DENMARK*

It was with deep feelings that the exiles again saw the smiling fields of Denmark and the spires and towers of Copenhagen. "Our hearts leapt within us. Home is indeed best."

Monrad and his family took up their residences again in the old home at Hummeltofte, and the first weeks were spent in an exciting round of visits to and from old friends. Greetings poured in from all directions. Many appeared to welcome the old warrior's return. His old friendship with Hall, which had been strained by political differences, was renewed. Monrad felt glad indeed to be back in Denmark, and to find that old friends had remained loyal and that in many cases old estrangements had disappeared with the passing years.

No sooner had he settled down than he was expected to plunge again into politics, in fact urged to do so. He sensed, however, that he had during his absence lost touch with the political situation, and preferred to live quietly as an observer until he had gained some appreciation of the situation. His studies called him. Often while in the New Zealand bush he had thought longingly of quiet study in Copenhagen "for only in a great city can one be really solitary." He gladly accepted an invitation to write articles for **Berlingske Tidende** but refused to stand as a candidate for the **Folketing** in 1869. He found a call to the parish of Brøndby near Copenhagen more to his liking. There he served his church for eighteen months and Emilie, despite her poor state of health, busied herself with establishing a kindergarten.

One who attended a lecture by Monrad towards the end of 1869 has left a vivid picture of the ageing statesman.

"On a cold and foggy December afternoon the University Assembly Hall was filled by an expectant audience. It was dark in the great room and only two lights on the platform slightly lessened the gloom. Monrad ascended the forum and by the

* *The Past and Present of New Zealand*, 1868.

flickering gleam one saw again the massive head, but with the hair turned white and the face furrowed by thought and sorrow; only the eyes had retained their old piercing, almost fanatical, gleam. Then he began his address; every word reached the furthest corner of the hall and was listened to in the deepest silence, and as he spoke the stillness seemed to deepen. The gloom settled closer over the listeners and there was a sense of increasing unease. There was depth and consistency in his theme. He expressed profound concern over the state of the Fatherland and in biting satire referred to the 'pot-valiant speeches' and sham protestations of readiness for sacrifice; his speech was lightened by witty anecdote, feeling descriptions and striking expressions."

In the most impressive words Monrad reminded his listeners of the prospect before their country. On the one hand they had had the option of the desperate fight, the fight to the last man, where the farmer burnt his house to the ground rather than it should afford shelter to the enemy, threw his food into the well rather than it should satisfy his enemy's hunger, and when his sons had fallen and his daughters were shamed he would take his wife by the hand and choose to die in his own field. In such a fight the whole of the people must take part, and every peasant's jacket cover a warrior's frame. Only such a struggle to the last could have saved Denmark from overthrow and extinction. There were examples in history where a fight of that desperate kind had saved the land. The Russians had thus won a victory over Napoleon. "Help yourself and others will help you; abandon the struggle and all others will forsake you."

Monrad was clearly again referring to the stern fight which he had sought to carry on to the bitter end in 1864.

But now, he said, the time when such a struggle might have availed had passed, and they must accept the facts. Denmark was small and open to overwhelming attack, she had lost to her giant neighbour the mastery of the seas which had previously been her strongest defence. It might be that the best protection would now lie in complete disarmament. He could not decide what course the country should take, but over all they must place their trust in God. He still had the hope that in the future providence had happier days for Denmark and her people.

The speech made a great impression and helped stir the people to something better than the feeling of hopelessness that had followed the disaster of 1864. But Monrad had failed to indicate a possible way out of their difficulties. "The first word that Monrad has offered the Danish people after his homecoming is, in its true sense, one of lost faith, of lost hope and of bitterness."

Monrad had clearly indicated that he was not admitting that

his decision to renew the fight when the London Conference failed was wrong. Now as then he believed that any hope for Denmark's salvation and her people's freedom was to be found only in a determination to defend herself to the last in the hope that a determined and sustained opposition to her aggressors would eventually shame the other powers into coming to her aid. He still condemned the faint-hearted government which had capitulated while the army and navy were still intact and prepared to fight with greater courage than their leaders possessed. To him freedom was a precious thing for which a heavy price could be paid and with profit.

Monrad, in common with many of his countrymen, thought that through friendship with France there might be some slight chance of recovering Slesvig, but this slender hope was crushed when France like Austria was utterly defeated by Germany and lost her own border provinces of Alsace and Lorraine. Austria's active support of Germany and France's lack of support of Denmark in 1864 had resulted in the fruition of Bismarck's plans for German domination of Europe and in their own downfall.

The days at Brøndby were shadowed by anxiety over Emilie's health which gradually worsened until she was compelled to undergo a dangerous operation. It became obvious that her tenure of life was precarious and when Monrad was offered his old bishopric of Lolland and Falster he gladly accepted. He and Emilie were able to occupy again the old home at Nykøbing where they had spent happy days before the war.

It was while at Brøndby that Monrad undertook the pleasant task of translating into Danish an abridgement of Judge Maning's classic **Old New Zealand**.^{*} Throughout his later years in Denmark he was constantly reminded of that strange interlude in his life when he lived in the New Zealand bush for he kept in close touch with his son Viggo at Karere. When he spoke at his daughter Louise's wedding he referred to his old days in New Zealand.^{**} "Much indeed have you meant to me. We have lived together here and abroad, on the great lonely seas and in the deep lonely forest. How many evenings have we not been out in the canoe together and set the eel-trap while the river rushed by and the last rays of the sun lingered on the distant snow-clad mountain tops."^{***}

^{*} Monrad stated that Maning's descriptions of the Maori people coincided closely with his own observations. The Danish translation comprised only excerpts from Maning's book and in it Monrad followed the author's style as closely as possible.

^{**} Louise married Otto Bache, a Copenhagen barrister.

^{***} Stavnstrup P. D. G. Monrad. *Politiker og Gejstlig*. 1948.

Monrad always spoke of New Zealand in the most appreciative terms and recommended that country as one in which any enterprising young Dane might with advantage seek his fortune. Contrary, however, to what has often been stated, he took no active part in the later conscription of immigrants by the New Zealand Government's agents, nor is there any record that he was asked to do so.

Soon after her return home Emilie wrote to her old friend Ereni te Awe Awe, the Rangitane chieftainess, and from her received a reply which brought the past vividly before her. "I see your letter before me," wrote Ereni. "I love you all through the years, you, your husband and your daughters. When the war is quite over we shall probably write to you and you can then come back and stay with us."

On 25th February, 1871, when Monrad resumed the position as Bishop of Lolland and Falster of which he had nineteen years before been deprived by his political enemies his return was greeted with joy by both the people and the clergy. He found he was still remembered by the sturdy countryfolk he had always admired and respected, and that his fellow bishops warmly received him into their circle in the expectation that he would again bring fresh ideas and new life into their conferences. Emilie had always felt a keen attachment to the old home and her sick and weary body found rest and solace in the familiar surroundings of the **bispegaard**. But it was to be for only a short time. Her health gradually deteriorated and on 9th September, 1871, she died.

Monrad was overcome by grief. The brave, gentle spirit who had stood beside him in good times and bad, who had never flinched when her husband was the most hated man in Denmark and the mob had howled for his blood under the windows, who had willingly left a lovely home, friends and a cultured life to follow her man to the ends of the earth and there live in a primitive forest hut with half-civilised Maoris as her neighbours, had gone. Time brought him some solace. He wrote to his son, Viggo, in New Zealand: "Curious how it is that memory pales; the first days, yes, the first weeks, it seemed that mother was very near me; I could talk to her and I was convinced that she could hear me; I could detect a peculiar physical sensation that she was near. These feelings have now vanished; now for the first time she seems to have left me, and I feel myself forsaken."

For four years Monrad led a lonely existence and then married Emmy Hage, the widow of an old political friend, Hother Hage. It was a happy marriage and Emmy proved a sympathetic and helpful companion during her husband's few remaining years.

Although busy with his clerical duties, Monrad found the peace he had longed for, and in this he was able to resume with renewed interest his literary work. He had time to reflect upon those stormy, bitter years of the sixties when he had felt the burden of the whole nation on his back and had fought tenaciously to keep on the path which he thought, rightly or wrongly, to be the only way to save his people and country from destruction at the hands of a powerful and ruthless foe. In those days he had made enemies of many of his own countrymen and had estranged many of his old friends. This thought lay heavily on his mind.

His theological studies, now directed principally to the New Testament, had resulted in two of his most widely read works, **Fra Bønnens Verden** (From the World of Prayer) and **Den Femte Bøn** (The Fifth Petition). He felt with increasing certitude that the Fifth Petition of the Lord's Prayer "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us" stood at the very heart of true Christian belief, and that no one had the right to seek such forgiveness unless he was prepared to grant it to those who had offended him. Shortly before his death his daughter, Karen, came into his study one morning to find him with a beaming face. In his hand was a list of the names of those whom he had regarded as having unjustly accused him. "During the night," he said, "I have run through this list of all those I can remember that have been my enemies and I am thankful to God to be able to say that I have truly forgiven them, so now I can believe that my sins also will be forgiven me."

While Monrad found his greatest interest and happiness in his clerical duties, he watched the political scene carefully. He noted that there had been changes in the political atmosphere during his absence overseas, and that he had to some extent lost touch with national affairs. In time he thought seriously of abandoning the role of onlooker and decided he might still be able to perform a useful duty for his country should he be called upon. In 1871 he was asked to contest a seat at Helsingør and in 1872 at Roskilde, but was defeated in both elections. In 1874 and 1875 he refused candidature but came increasingly to feel that both parties in the Folketing had lost sight of the vital national issues. In 1882 he agreed to accept nomination for Odense in Funen and was elected by a substantial majority. He represented this electorate for four years but this period of his political life seemed to him unsatisfactory. He refused to be allied to any party, and supported any proposal, whatever its source, that he considered would work for the good of the country. He felt that the party members were more interested in political juggling and petty

self interests than they were concerned for their people and country. In 1886 he resigned his seat and there-after took no active interest in politics.

In the fields of science, philosophy and religion, however, he readily joined issue with anyone who expressed what he considered false views. He disputed Darwin's theory of evolution, he strongly opposed the free-thinking arguments of Georg Brandes and even denied Bishop Grundtvig's attractive claim that the Danes were God's Chosen People.

Meanwhile he had carried on the work that lay closest to his heart, the care of his bishopric and the encouragement of the clergy he governed. He had no patience with the lazy priest, but every sympathy for the pastor who, though poorly endowed, laboured sincerely to help his flock. His liberal mind overlooked differences in religious outlook, whether evangelical or high church, and while he disagreed with Grundtvig in church politics, he found himself in general accord with his educational work which was by then having a marked influence in restoring the people's pride of race and country. To Monrad creed meant little so long as a truly Christian outlook was evident.

Although he could feel his great strength gradually weakening, he worked to the end. He knew that his time was growing short and told Karen that he would soon be starting on his long journey. On the morning of 28 March 1887 he had tea with Karen and a visitor and then retired to his study. He rested awhile and then drew his chair to his desk to resume the work on hand. When Karen entered an hour later he was sitting with his head bowed as if in sleep. At his side lay the New Testament where it had slipped from his hand.

"Let us be thankful," said one of his friends, "that there still grow such giant trees in our Danish forests."

At Monrad's death there passed a remarkable figure the like of whom would rarely if ever be found amongst statesmen today; a man of ideas in advance of his time in the fields of education and politics, and of ideals that allowed of no deviation from the conviction that in a civilised society right must be recognised as might; that expediency is no excuse for departure from principle; that in all things there should be tolerance and moderation but no compromise with wrong. The realisation that even amongst friendly nations these, to him basic postulates, counted for little in the arena of international politics, he found more bitter than actual military defeat.

An ardent classical scholar and a devout but tolerant Christian, he had no dearer wish than to serve as pastor to the sturdy

country folk he admired and respected, and to spend his leisure in peaceful pursuit of his studies. His inability to remain quiescent and deny support to what he considered a just cause or to capitulate in the face of wrongful aggression had, however, denied him the fulfilment of such hopes and had drawn him first into the maelstrom of political controversy and then into a desperate struggle to save his country from conquest by a powerful foe filled with military ambition and an awakening spirit of voracity.

It had been his fate to carry almost alone the burden of leadership and defence of his country and this he had done with unflinching courage. When Denmark had been overrun and dismembered he had suffered the censure and unjust condemnation of his own countrymen and been driven to seek composure in the peace of the untrodden forests of a new land on the other side of the world. There with characteristic adaptability and energy he had set aside the pen for the axe to fight as valiantly against nature as he had against Denmark's enemies.

Despite the humiliation and anguish of mind he had suffered following the hopeless war with Germany his heart had always remained with Denmark and with her lost children in Slesvig. It was fitting that he should have spent his later years in his beloved homeland, to have served it once more, to have ministered to his regained flock and in the end to be laid to rest amongst them—Denmark's last warrior bishop.

PART III

The Descendants

(i) VIGGO MONRAD AT KARERE

AFTER watching the canoe glide down the river carrying the bishop and his family out of sight, Callesen and Aagaard walked back to the silent house. Aagaard said goodbye and mounting his horse set out for Foxton leaving Callesen to safeguard the house and farm. All the other settlers had left the district for the safety of Liddell's store and the partly completed blockhouse at Foxton.

Although he had been urged to sleep at the Maori pa at Jackeytown about two miles away Callesen preferred to stay at the homestead, but took the precaution of keeping his horse ready saddled day and night so that he could make a ready escape should that prove necessary. Even the dogs felt the loneliness of the deserted house and followed at their master's heels wherever he went. When he paddled out on the lagoon to lift the eel-trap they plunged in and swam after the canoe.

At night Callesen slept in an upstairs bedroom, his loaded rifle at the bedside and the door ajar so that he could readily hear any movement in the house below. One night he forgot to fasten the door. In the early morning hours he awoke suddenly to hear quick footsteps on the bare floorboards downstairs. Sure that the hostile Maoris had at last arrived he seized his gun and took up a position at the top of the stairs which commanded a good view of anyone attempting to ascend. Presently a crouching white figure appeared at the foot of the stairs. Callesen raised his gun and took steady aim. Then he lowered the weapon and burst into a loud laugh. The intruder was Karen's pet lamb. She had found the door open and come inside looking for her little mistress.

Some time later Monrad, who had gone on to Wellington from Foxton to make final arrangements for the voyage home, rode up to Karere to see how Callesen and the farm were faring and to bid his stout employee a final goodbye. It seemed that now there was little danger of a rebel incursion southward and that Viggo would soon be able to come down from Patea and take charge. The other settlers at Foxton were impatient to get back to their properties and were gradually returning.

As soon as a substitute to hold the Patea land had been found Viggo rejoined his wife. He reoccupied Karere on 12 January and on 9 February Olga came from Foxton to join him. She had been there for three months and was glad to settle down in the old home and try and get things in order again. She keenly felt the absence of the rest of the family and found it no easy task

to grapple alone with the many daily tasks that demanded attention.

There has been preserved a brief diary in Danish kept by Olga from the date of her arrival at Karere from "Ovaho" [Awahou] until February 1871. There are gaps in the day to day narrative of busy domestic life, but its recital of churning butter, making jams, preserving fruit, washing, cooking, making candles, entertaining the infrequent visitor, coping with an ailing baby and her own illness and a hundred other tasks provides a ready explanation of why few pioneer women managed to keep a diary.

After his parents' departure from New Zealand and Viggo had taken over the homestead at Karere, Johannes felt his isolation at Patea. He decided to dispose of his land (the Patea property had proved an unfortunate complication in his father's plans from the start) and to return to Denmark for a year, and perhaps get married and return to New Zealand. On 22 January 1870 he called at Karere to bid goodbye to Olga and Viggo and then took ship from Wellington. Eight years were to pass before he saw New Zealand again. In 1872 he married Marie Frederiksen but was under promise not to take her out to New Zealand. This ban on his return irked for his heart was in New Zealand. The following years in Denmark followed by a term in the United States were disappointing and in 1878 on the advice of his father he came back to New Zealand with his wife and family. He stayed for five years farming at Bunnythorpe before going to the United States to settle finally. There he was connected with Christian Hansen's Laboratory in production of rennet and other dairy commodities and also for a time with the Dairy Division of the U.S. Agricultural Department. Johannes became a recognised leader in dairy circles and made numerous contributions to various journals.*

Meanwhile Viggo continued the developmental work begun by his father. Urged on by the necessity of providing for a growing family he strove each year to fell, clear and sow down in pasture a few more acres. It was a grim fight and the margin between success and failure was very small. With little capital of his own and not daring to borrow at the high rates of interest demanded for loans he was entirely dependent for progress on the efforts

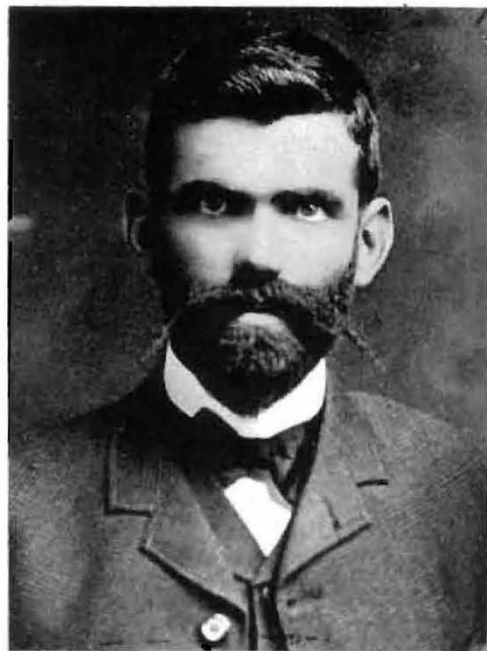
* When he died in 1915 the editor of the New York Produce Review wrote of him: "An unshakable veracity and uprightness, bordering on stubbornness, the highest degree of modesty and a limitless complaisance in the assistance of others—to give but not to receive—these are characteristic attributes of Monrad; he is known among dairymen in America from the highest authorities down to the most humble buttermaker, and is held in a personal esteem accorded to few. His work has left conspicuous traces in the dairy industry of America."

of his family and himself. Each autumn the dry trunks and limbs of the felled bush were, as far as was possible, gathered into heaps and set on fire. In this heavy work Olga helped her husband and as the children grew old enough they were called upon to assist. When the fires were burning the family worked far into the night "logging up" until exhaustion forced them to rest. It took twenty years, the whole period that Viggo was on the farm, to complete the destruction of the heavy forest.

As the family grew it became necessary to enlarge the house which had originally comprised four rooms on the ground floor and three upstairs. Two more rooms were added, one at each end of the house. For the parents the years were full of constant toil and anxiety. The children also worked hard but there were, especially for them, many interests and compensations. Before the front door extended the Karere Lagoon, the haunt of colonies of waterfowl and on its broad expanse the children delighted to paddle in their dugout Maori canoe. The nearby forest was alive with native birds. When the berries were ripe pigeons sat on the trees in hundreds, while bell-birds, tuis, kakas and numerous small birds were found everywhere. The little green kakariki flew screeching over the treetops in flocks while the friendly fantails flitted about in dozens and even invaded the house in search of flies and insects. Ground birds such as weka and pukeko were common. Sunrise was greeted by a wild melody of bird song and at night the moreporks called to each other from the treetops. The lagoon swarmed with eels which the children caught from the canoe. One day they hauled in a monster of eighteen pounds.

As in earlier days the universal enemy was the mosquito which, until the bush was cleared off and the swamps drained, infested the place in millions. The self-sown descendants of the bishop's original tobacco plantation still proved useful and the smudge raised by slow fires burning at the doorways, though it made life difficult for human beings, killed the pests in millions. At times they got into the house through an unguarded window in such clouds that they smothered the candles. The only way of relief was to throw a bundle of tobacco leaves on the fire, retreat to the open air until the fumes had done their work, and then remove the bodies with broom and shovel. Humans were not the only sufferers. Under the attacks of the remorseless insects the cattle and horses and even the fowls were kept restless and on the move all night, while dogs and cats suffered from sore and swollen eyes.

The Manawatu which bounded the eastern side of the farm



DITLEV MONRAD



OSCAR MONRAD



MARAEKOWHAI

was also a cause of constant worry. While the land owed its extreme fertility to deposits of silt left by the floods of past centuries, a large flood could now prove a disaster. In the early days it was thought that bush clearance would result in less frequent but perhaps larger floods. The destruction of the forest was, however, followed by extensive erosion of the river banks which, though enlarging the bed and giving it a greater capacity for flood waters, caused the loss of precious acres of grassland.

Oscar Monrad, Viggo's second son, relates that in 1880 when a boy of nine, he was returning from Foxton with his mother the floodwaters covered the railway track for some miles. From the Karere station they had to wade, in some places waist deep, until they reached the place where the canoe was moored on the bank of the lagoon. They then paddled across and landed at their front door. Next morning the water was flowing over the floor. Across the river the floodwaters had cut across a bend and shortened the course of the river by a mile, carrying away many acres of good pasture. The river was an unforgettable sight as it raced past, thick with brown silt and carrying along great forest trees which had been torn out by the roots and were tumbled along end over end by the powerful current. At times the roots stuck on shingle banks and the water forced the great trunks erect until it seemed that they had again taken root in the river itself. Then the trees would be overturned to fall with a tremendous splash into the river and be rapidly borne away. After the flood had subsided it was found that Karere had lost many acres of rich land and a hundred sheep had been swept away. Their neighbours on the far bank had lost a large area and a thousand sheep.

The treacherous river that had claimed Gotfred Heie's life nearly claimed another member of the family. In her diary Olga mentions how on 27 January 1871 Ditlev lost his footing when wading the river and if his father had not seen his danger as he was being swept downstream and jumped in fully clothed to his rescue he might easily have lost his life.

The seers had predicted that "in the year 1881, the world to an end shall come." True enough in that year there was a heavy earthquake. It reminded the Monrads of the one they had experienced in the bishop's time though this one was much more severe, and it seemed as if the prediction might prove true. At Karere all the chimneys were thrown down and everything in the house moved about. The pantry with its shelves full of jams, preserves, pickles and sauces that Olga had thriftily prepared was a scene of devastation. Everything had been thrown to the floor and smashed. The first great shake was followed by others

of lesser severity which, as long as they continued, kept the settlers in a state of continuous alarm.

The sheep were the mainstay of the farm, the only breed available being the Merino, but this dry hill breed proved unsuitable for the rich flat Manawatu land and the farmers had trouble with foot-rot. The difficulty was in part overcome by crossing with Romneys. Mr Edward Akers purchased a Romney ram which was the sire of ten more. Viggo purchased these about the year 1880 at what was then considered an extraordinarily high price of £10 per head. The investment proved a wise one. The condition of the feet of his flock improved and the weight of fleece increased. Nevertheless income was small and it was considered satisfactory if the wool from a flock of 1500 returned £300.

Smallness of income and the necessity of using cash savings for improvements compelled the family to live as far as they could on the natural produce of the farm and what ever else nature might provide. Nothing was purchased that could be produced or made at home. Vegetable and flower seeds were gathered and saved for next year. Candles were made from tallow obtained from the kidney and caul fat of sheep killed for meat. Fruit was gathered from the cherry and peach trees growing wild along the river bank where stones had been dropped by travelling Maoris. There were no pests or blights and fig trees Olga planted produced wonderful fruit.

Sunday was the only day that gave rest to the hard-working family. Every Sabbath morning a service was held for the family and anyone else who happened to be at Karere. Olga played the piano and all joined in the hymns. Later in 1882 Viggo and another Dane, C. Frantzen, themselves erected a Lutheran church in Palmerston North for their compatriots and in this the family regularly attended services.

Oscar was nine years old before a school was built close enough for him to attend. Prior to that he and the other children were taught by their father and mother at night. The first school in the district had been built in 1872, but was at Palmerston North and too far away for the Karere children to attend. When the Karere school was built it was situated at what is now known as Longburn, some three and a half miles from the Monrad farm. School attendance varied Oscar's daily routine. In the early morning he helped his brother Ditlev to milk the twenty cows and then rode off to school going round the sheep on the way. On his way home he went round the sheep again and then herded and brought the cows back with him, helped Ditlev to

milk, had his tea, did his homework and went to bed. A full day for a small boy.

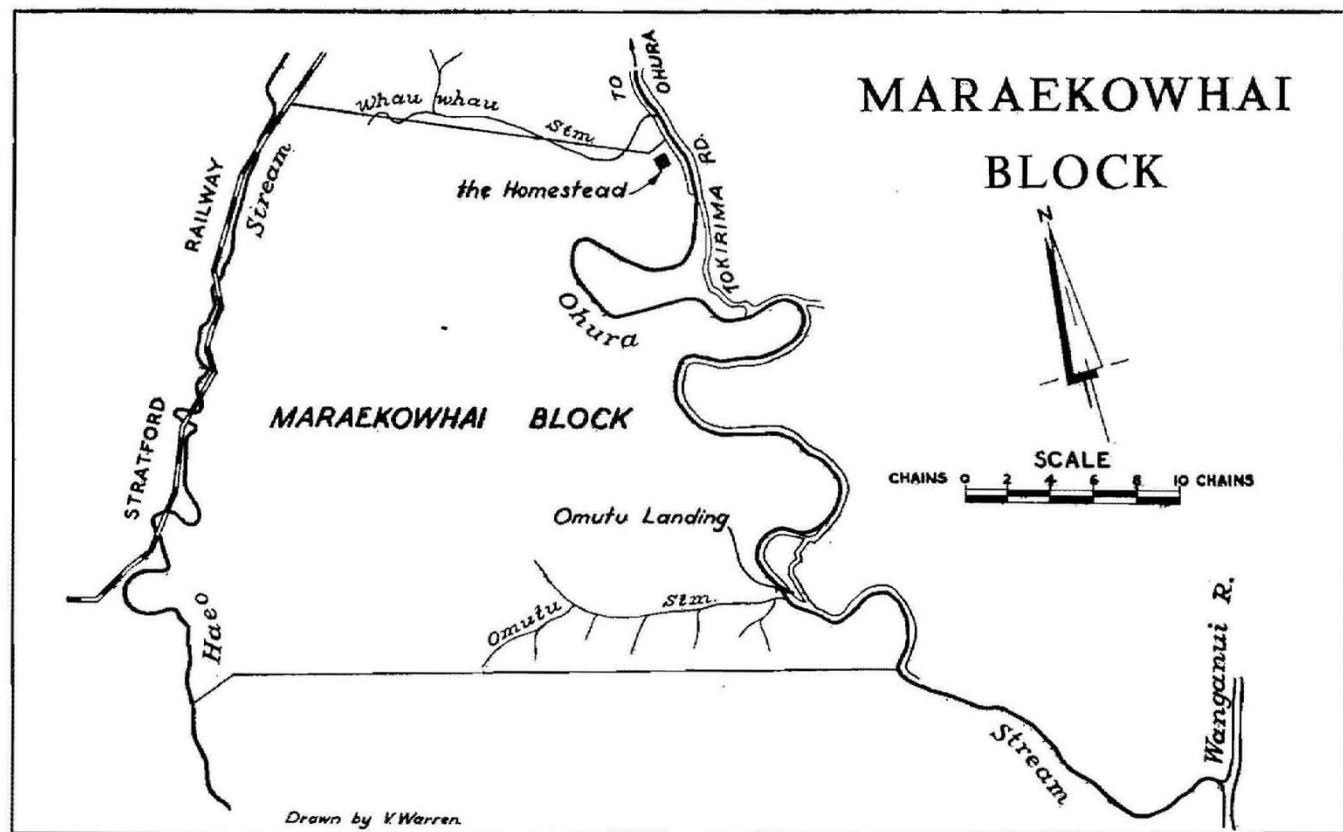
Until 1875, when the first doctor commenced practice in Palmerston North, the settlers were dependent for medical aid on Dr Rockstrow at Foxton. To attend the doctor for treatment meant a ride of over twenty miles each way, and when Oscar had his fingers crushed in the mangle his father rode the distance with the boy in his arms. Later Viggo suffered a broken leg and the doctor came from Foxton to set it, repeating the journey shortly after when he was badly ripped by a boar and was only kept from bleeding to death while waiting for the doctor by the application of a tourniquet kept tight with a stick. The fee for an attendance at Karere was £5, which was more than most of the settlers could afford. The good doctor understood the position well enough and was not exacting. He accepted £5 for the broken leg and suggested that a couple of sides of bacon could square the rest of the account. He was greatly amused when Olga on visiting his surgery insisted on turning a picture of Bismarck face to the wall during the consultation.

In 1878 Johannes arrived back from Denmark with a wife and family and took up a farm of 134 acres in the Bunnythorpe district, near Palmerston North. He remained, however, for only five years and then went to the United States.

During the early 'eighties the family was, as a result of its united industry and thrift, at last enjoying a modest prosperity. Oscar and Ditlev were old enough to take a good deal of the burden of running the farm from their father's shoulders, and all were able to anticipate enjoying more than the bare necessities of life. Then towards the end of 1884 Olga suddenly became ill and died. It was a shattering blow. Viggo was left with seven children, three of them quite small, the youngest three years old.

The bereft husband met his tragic loss courageously, but twenty years of strenuous toil had left their mark and he was tired. He felt quite unable to continue the heavy task at Karere without his beloved companion and in the following year he went to Denmark with his whole family, leaving the farm in the care of his trusted neighbour, Christian Voss.

Viggo Monrad never returned to New Zealand, but his eldest son Ditlev did so after spending eight months in Denmark and took control of Karere. A few months later he was followed by Oscar, who was now fifteen years of age. Viggo took employment with the Danish State Railways Department and when he retired in 1906 was Chief Traffic Assistant. He died in Copenhagen in August, 1923.



(ii) THIRD GENERATION AT KARERE

TWO years after his return to Denmark Viggo Monrad transferred Karere to his son Ditlev and after Oscar also had arrived back in New Zealand the two brothers farmed in partnership. During the first few years they experienced a difficult time. New Zealand was still in the grip of an economic depression that had persisted since 1879. With the farm they had taken over a flock of 500 ewes, 500 hoggets, 400 wethers and 100 cattle. They had a lease for two years at a rental of £300 a year and at the end of that term they purchased the property but assumed a corresponding liability for interest on the purchase price. Wool was still worth only eightpence a pound and the only sale for surplus sheep, apart from the limited local demand for meat, was for boiling down for fat and tallow. The success of the first trial shipment of frozen mutton from New Zealand to England seemed to offer hope for the future, and a local company was formed and a freezing works opened in 1886 at Longburn (as Karere was now called). Even then all that could be obtained for fat lambs and wethers was from six to eight shillings. They were still finding it difficult to rear lambs at Karere and mortality was high.

The Government's advocacy in 1882 of co-operative dairy enterprise on the Danish system naturally stimulated interest amongst the Karere settlers in the possibility of an extension of dairy farming as a means of supplementing the meagre return from sheep and cattle. Johannes Monrad, enterprising as ever, had, during the years he spent at Bunnythorpe before moving to the United States, taken an active interest in the matter and imported from Denmark the first centrifugal cream separator seen in the district. This had been invented by a Dane in 1880. On 2 June 1883 he demonstrated its use to a gathering of local farmers who were quick to appreciate the advantages of the new invention.

As Karere was the oldest settled part of the district it was natural that the new venture should there have its beginnings and on the following 3 September a meeting was held in the Karere schoolroom. Johannes Monrad set forth his suggestions and proposals which were supported by a Government official who had been invited to attend, and a committee was formed to carry the matter further. As a result what was thought to be the first co-operative butter factory in New Zealand was opened at Longburn on 3 November 1884.

The Monrad brothers lacked nothing in enterprise and industry. Driven by necessity allied to boundless energy they sought other means of bringing in money. Ditlev was mechanically inclined

and purchased the first reaper and binder in the district. It did not prove a complete success. The way in which it tended to produce a large sheaf followed by a dozen of only a few straws prompted its owner to remark disgustedly, "Look at this. Just like a sow followed by her litter!"

This first disappointment did not discourage them. They persevered and gradually acquired a full range of farm implements, including a portable engine, chaff-cutter and threshing machine for which they paid by undertaking contract work for other farmers. This took some time for the most they could earn for chaff-cutting was ten shillings a ton and for threshing threepence or fourpence a bushel. Oscar later recalled that some of this work was done on farm land now adjacent to the central business area of the city of Palmerston North. This land has now been built over for seventy-five years or more.

At the same time the brothers commenced to cultivate their own cleared land and planted potatoes, oats, wheat and various crops for providing their sheep with supplementary feed. Their land was found to be particularly suitable for potato growing and the district earned the name of "The Great Spud Country." They found that it was easier to grow the potatoes than to sell them. Palmerston North was still a small sawmilling township and all they could get for their potatoes was from thirty shillings to £3 a ton loaded on trucks at Karere. In some seasons prolific crops caused an over-supply and the surplus had to be discarded.

Chaff also was difficult to dispose of at a profit, and was sold at from £2 10s. 0d. to £3 a ton bagged and on the trucks, while wheat brought 3½d. a bushel of 60lbs and oats and barley 2s. 6d. a bushel delivered. In an endeavour to push sales the brothers regularly delivered supplies to the stables and auction marts in Palmerston North in the uncertain hope of getting rid of them. At times in desperation they hawked their produce from door to door and in this way and with luck got rid of chaff at 2½d. a sack and potatoes at 5s. a sack of 190lb.

The only compensation for low prices was that good labour was obtainable at £1 per week with keep. There was a modest market in the newly opened Fitzherbert and Linton districts but delivery entailed fording the Manawatu river and the roads were deplorable. The heavy wagons often got bogged down and had to be unloaded before the teams of horses could draw them out of bad patches or negotiate steep grades on the hills.

Still in search of markets the Monrads opened a depot at Levin. There they inadvisedly gave considerable credit to some men who were endeavouring to refloat a ship that had stranded on the Hokio beach. By superhuman efforts these men got the ship

off but their expenses were so high that they were unable to meet their debts in full and as a result the Monrad Levin venture itself went on the rocks and the depot had to be closed down.

The heavy losses of sheep owing to the richness of their Karere land indicated the necessity to acquire some poorer hill country to run in conjunction with it. In 1889 they purchased 560 acres of standing bush in the foothills at the head of what is now known as Queen Street, Levin. They felled, fenced and grassed this land, cutting cocksfoot grass seed on the newly burnt over clearings and then putting on sheep.

It was while working on this property that Oscar came in contact with neighbours for whom he gained a great admiration and who were later to attain prominence in the country. On a small bush section in the vicinity Mrs W. H. Ostler, a young widow, and her daughter were struggling to get a footing. They were sometimes joined by a son, Hubert. The daughter, Helen, married a friend, C. K. Wilson, who frequently came and helped them, and who later became a Member of Parliament. In her late years Helen won distinction by writing an autobiography entitled "My First Eighty Years" which quickly became a best seller. Hubert later became associate to Sir Robert Stout, the Chief Justice and a staunch friend of Mrs Ostler, and became himself a Judge of the Supreme Court.

In time the brothers found that they could successfully rear lambs at Karere on the wheat and oat stubble with supplementary crop feeding. They then disposed of the Levin land at £6 10s. 0d. per acre, which yielded them a modest profit on their improvements.

The pioneer spirit was, however, still in their blood, and using the proceeds of the Levin sale they bought 1000 acres of bush country at Tepapakuku near Dannevirke and within a year had it felled, fenced and grassed. This was possible because of a plentiful supply of labour, bush-felling costing £1 per acre, grass seed 8s. an acre and fencing 6s. a chain. This farm cost £5 5s. 0d. an acre and was sold at £8 10s. 0d. an acre which again left them a small profit.

This modest success encouraged the Monrads to venture upon more uncertain ground and they purchased a block of land in the township of Palmerston North. This they subdivided into building sections which they either sold as such, or built on selling house and section. This area comprised what is now known as Worcester and Hereford Streets. Other speculations in farm and town subdivisions included 450 acres at Te Matai and 40 acres on what is now known as Pioneer Highway. The road

they constructed from Pioneer Highway (then called Foxton Line) was named Monrad Street. In these later enterprises they found that they were, as usual, ahead of the times and gained little profit.

In the meantime Ditlev had married Kamma Ronberg, a member of another pioneer Danish family, and when later in 1899 Oscar married Maude Elizabeth Matthews of Waiorongomai, Featherston, the Karere partnership was terminated and the old farm divided between them, Oscar taking 200 acres on the Palmerston North-Foxton road frontage and Ditlev 300 acres with the old homestead on the Manawatu river.

The heavy work of breaking in Karere in his early youth and his later efforts during the partnership had, unfortunately, undermined Ditlev's health, and he was in 1905 compelled to sell the old farm and retire to Palmerston North, where he died three years later at the early age of 42 years.

A man of great personal charm, mentally alert and progressive, Ditlev was public spirited and popular and his many friends regretted that he did not live to enjoy a longer period of retirement. His energetic and practical attitude and lack of self-seeking were evidenced by one incident recalled by his brother. When Ditlev was chairman of the Manawatu Road Board at a time when the Board's finances were low, he and his neighbours Voss and Callesen themselves rebuilt a bridge on the Karere road at their own expense. Ditlev and Oscar had together borne the heat and burden of the early difficult days and to Oscar it was a matter of extreme regret that his brother should die in his prime without having enjoyed the fruits of his exertions.

Oscar's years on his part of Karere were filled with ceaseless labour and anxiety. The dairy industry was in its infancy and prices for produce were still so low as to render farming almost unremunerative. Butterfat realised only 8d. a pound and milk tests were as low as 3%. When his neighbour, Christian Voss, showed a profit of £8 a cow for the season that was regarded as highly satisfactory.

At that time the New Zealand Dairy Company had a milk-skimming station on Karere Road but the poor price offered for butterfat induced Oscar to look further afield for a better market. He engaged to continue milking through the four winter months and sell the milk for town supply in Wellington, receiving a shilling a gallon delivered in the city. This arrangement required milking all the year round, growing extra feed for the cows and having no period of rest in the winter months. It was necessary to commence the day at 4 a.m., find the horse and



OSCAR AND MAUDE ELIZABETH MONRAD

cows in the dark, milk the herd by hand and deliver the milk at the Longburn railway station two miles away to catch the early train for Wellington at 7 a.m. This strenuous period was brought to an end by the financial failure of the Wellington purchaser with serious loss to Monrad.

The sudden termination of the first Wellington city milk supply from the Upper Manawatu and the loss he had suffered as a result compelled Monrad to lease most of his land, and he returned to potato growing, which he had always found congenial. Unfortunately the new venture coincided with the first arrival in the district of potato blight and the reward of industry was a succession of poor crops or total failures. This final calamity compelled Oscar to sell his farm and move to Palmerston North. "It is strange how small things can influence one's life," later remarked Oscar philosophically.

A change to town life did not mean the end of Oscar Monrad's interest in farming pursuits nor, as will be seen, quench the pioneering spirit he had inherited from his father and grandfather. In 1906 he was appointed manager of the land department of Abraham & Williams Ltd., a firm of stock agents operating extensively in the south part of the North Island.

The Monrads had been at Karere five years before the first settler arrived on the site planned for the projected town of Palmerston North, and Oscar in his own lifetime had seen it grow from the small bush-girt village of his first recollection to the thriving town it was when he moved in from Karere.

The influx of new settlers, the clearing of the bush and the intensification of farming involved the subdivision and roading of the surrounding land. Oscar's wide knowledge and personal experience proved invaluable in his new occupation. For the next fifteen years he led a busy and interesting life and became a director of the firm. During this period his firm conducted the majority of sales arising from subdivision of large areas between Wellington and Wanganui, and Monrad thereby gained a unique knowledge of all classes of land in that extensive area.

During those fifteen years Monrad felt that his inclination to farming land on his own account still demanded expression. In 1920 he purchased 200 acres of land at Lockwood in the Kairanga and this block he fully improved. Experience of the successful first introduction of Romneys in replacement of the unsuitable Merino flock of the old days at Karere influenced him to start a stud Romney flock at Lockwood and in this he found a lively interest. He also returned to his favourite occupation of wooing the fickle potato, this time with more success. In one season at Lockwood he harvested more than 200 tons.

One hundred and thirty-seven

Monrad also purchased other undeveloped properties which he improved and again sold. His final venture was the purchase of 1500 acres of sheep country at Oporae near Dannevirke and in this he retained an interest until his death.

After he left the firm of Abraham & Williams Ltd. in 1920 when it was merged with Wright, Stephenson & Co. Ltd., Monrad engaged in private valuing in partnership with his son Viggo. His ability and his prominence in farming circles quickly placed him in the forefront of his profession and there were few large estate valuations in the southern part of the North Island in which he was not directly interested. As a valuer he was engaged as a witness in a number of important cases which came before the Supreme Court, his expert knowledge, keen intellect and distinguished appearance rendering him an effective witness.

(iii)

OSCAR MONRAD AND MARAEKOWHAI

WHILE Oscar Monrad was busily engaged with his share in the development of the Manawatu district stirring events in land settlement were taking place in other parts of the island. The submission in 1881 of the Maori King to the Government's agent at Alexandra had opened the way to European settlement of the vast King Country extending from the Waikato basin southward to Waiouru, but close occupation of the central portion west and north of the Ruapehu-Tongariro mountain group lagged for want of communications. The completion of the Wellington-Auckland Main Trunk railway in 1909 made accessible a great area of wild country that was in its virgin state of bush, scrub and fern.

Great interest in the possibilities of this land for farming was aroused and many intending settlers commenced to move into the district.

A Palmerston North syndicate led by Monrad became interested in a block of 5000 acres of Maori leasehold land situated close to the junction of the Wanganui and Ohura rivers thirty miles downstream from Taumarunui. Oscar went up to inspect the property and has left an interesting account of his journey.

Travelling by train to Taumarunui he spent the night at Meredith House, in those days a well-known hostelry for tourists making the trip by river steamer from Wanganui to Taumarunui and thence by coach to Taupo and Rotorua. The next day he and his two companions, one of whom was Mr von Blaramberg who was to be the company's farm manager, went by steamer down the river as far as the houseboat which was moored just below

the mouth of the Ohura. The houseboat was in fact a small floating hotel, so constructed because of the objection of the Maoris to any white man building in that part of the King Country. It served as a stopping place for tourists coming upstream from Wanganui.

After lunch on the houseboat Monrad and his companions walked along the river to the nearby Opatu falls, climbed the fifty-foot high bank beside the falls and proceeding a short distance up the stream found a Maori canoe moored to the bank. The current was rapid and necessitated one of the party towing the heavy canoe with a rope while the others paddled. The towing fell to Monrad who had an uncomfortable time wading in the cold water until they reached a landing place on the Maraekowhai block called Omutu. Here there was a small iron hut that was to be their resting place for the night. They cut manuka branches for a bed and spent a restless night for there was a light frost and they had few blankets.

In the morning the party commenced a traverse of the block and found the land covered with thick tawa bush, high fern and manuka scrub. After a struggle they reached another whare where Monrad left his companions to go alone to the furthest boundary where he was to stay the night in a hut occupied by a white man.

The only passable route was by a muddy track along the face of steep bluffs overhanging the Ohura river and after an exhausting tramp he at last reached his destination. He was hospitably received but the only available fare was some fat wild pork. The struggle through the cold water dragging the canoe, the sleepless night at the Opatu landing, the long tramp across rough hilly country culminating with the meal of fat pork had made Monrad feel quite ill and again he failed to get any sleep. He was in poor shape for another long tramp the next day. Early in the morning, however, he set out and rejoined the rest of the party, and, feeling ill and weak, started for the houseboat. For the return journey they took a different route which led through a small Maori settlement and over hills covered with dense tawa and white pine bush. Whenever a rest was called Monrad collapsed on the ground and tried to gather strength for the next stage. After a seemingly interminable day they climbed the last hill and saw the houseboat, a welcome sight, on the river below them.

The result of this inspection was the formation of the Maraekowhai Land Development Company in which Monrad, undiscouraged by his strenuous experience, took a share and became Chairman of Directors.

The development of the Maraekowhai Block of 5000 acres and another 1000 acres adjoining was a tremendous task. Von Blar-
amberg undertook the position of resident manager and time
proved that the company could have made no wiser choice. The
work included not only the felling of the standing bush, but the
clearance of the fern and scrub country, the grassing of the whole
area and the erection of all necessary buildings and many miles
of boundary and subdivisional fencing. It was, however, a task
which Monrad accepted as a challenge and in which he took the
keenest interest.

The procedure of breaking in virgin country in those days
before the advent of mechanisation is well known to New Zea-
landers who are used to farming operations, but a short record
of the development of Maraekowhai, which was typical of many
similar ventures, may be of interest to those who have not had
such experience. In this part of the King Country which had in
past ages been covered with heavy deposits of volcanic ejecta
the land was light and friable in texture. Monrad was aware
that it would demand a different developmental technique from
that employed in the case of the rich heavy Manawatu land.
There, once the forest had been cleared off and pasture estab-
lished no further treatment was necessary.

The first stage at Maraekowhai was to survey off the land into
convenient blocks for the bush contractors. Between 1910 and the
outbreak of the First World War in 1914 a large number of
skilled bushmen was available and in this short time about 4500
acres were felled on Maraekowhai. Bush work was in those days,
as now, a strenuous occupation, and carried out under difficult
conditions. Bush camps were of a primitive nature, living and
sleeping quarters being constructed with walls made of small
trees and roofed with a tent fly. The huts had large open fire-
places to provide warmth and for drying of clothing. Felling con-
tracts were commonly let at from £2 to £2/10/- per acre, but
after the war the price was higher. The bush in the Maraekowhai
district was much lighter than that in the Manawatu, having
regenerated after extensive pumice deposits laid by eruptions
from Egmont.

Bush that had been felled during the previous winter was
burnt off during January, February and early March when the
timber was dry, the underscrub, and branches providing
good kindling. It was important that there should be a good
burn off as the ash provided a good seed bed and the fire
cleared off the land and to some extent provided against second
growth.

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After the burn there was an autumn sowing of English grass seed, possibly thirty to thirty-five pounds to the acre, which was applied by hand. The mixture of seed customarily sown was English rye, cocksfoot, white clover, sheep fescue, crested dogstail and a clover grass called **lotus major**. The latter proved very valuable, being vigorous of growth and in rough patches of fern or scrub it climbed up amongst the vegetation and induced the cattle to push in and open up and destroy the rubbish. Later the sowing of **paspalum** was introduced with good results. In the earlier days **paspalum** was thought to be suitable only for a warmer climate but it was found to acclimatise itself easily and to be especially suitable for planting on slips and after burns of second growth, **Paspalum** and **lotus major** are now widespread in the King Country and have helped to increase carrying capacity.

As soon as pasture was established it was necessary to erect subdivisinal fencing in order to confine sheep or cattle to those areas where special grazing was required. The proper handling and use of stock proved one of the secrets for satisfactorily breaking in this class of country.

The customary and best procedure after an early burn was to mix turnip seed with the grass seed when sowing and, after a successful strike, to purchase hoggets and turn them on to the new pasture.

The heavy demand for turnip seed for use in the extensive areas of newly cleared land in the King Country stimulated extensive turnip growing for seed in the Marton, Rangitikei and Manawatu districts but with the cessation of bush-felling this industry lapsed.

The distance of Maraekowhai from the railway prior to the opening of the line from Taumarunui to Stratford in 1932 and the absence of roads presented the pioneers with problems of getting stock, which was railed to Taumarunui, on to the Maraekowhai block. Monrad recounted one instance when, having railed 1500 hoggets to Taumarunui, they were caught by heavy rains which they found had partially destroyed the bush tracks. Men had to go ahead of the large flock and carry out repairs, and the heavy travelling made the sheep very weak. The animals had to be helped one by one over the bad patches and it seemed possible that they might all be lost. It was only by perseverance and continuous violent exertion that they were at last got on to the new burn. Once there, however, they soon gathered strength on the new pasture and within a week it could be seen that the losses had been surprisingly light.

The best method of breaking in this class of country was ascertained by expensive process of trial and error. The loose porous nature of the soil combined with the heavy rainfall made it difficult to rear hoggets. The remedy was found in the judicious handling and concentration of stock. It was necessary to use cattle extensively in order to consolidate the soil and it was only after the passage of some years that a close mature pasture could be achieved.

Some eight hundred or a thousand acres of Maraekowhai were sufficiently flat or rolling to be ploughable and this area was cultivated, re-grassed and sown in turnips, rape and choux-moellier resulting in a growth that was vigorous but again proved quite unsuitable for rearing hoggets. The use of mature sheep was an improvement but the rearing of young cattle proved the more successful method.

The whole enterprise was, about seven years after operations commenced, faced with a crisis that threatened disaster. The effect of the natural potash fertiliser from the bush burn had gradually disappeared and the pasture began to revert to danthonia and browntop grasses. This was accompanied by a weakening of the productive capacity of the soil and with it nature made a determined attempt to re-occupy the land and reclothe it in appropriate second growth of fern, manuka and wineberry. The second clearing of the land did not solve the problem. The soil weakness was still there and the stock did not thrive as well as after the first burn. The deterioration continued and the company experienced an anxious period but perseverance with concentration of heavy stock helped to arrest the decline. The continuous tramping of the cattle and the waste products they provided consolidated the soil, improved the pasture, and gradually restored a measure of fertility.*

Success, however, still retreated like a mirage. A fall in the price of wool accompanied by consequent losses on the sale of sheep rendered the running of the farm quite uneconomical. The only way in which some profit could be gleaned was by bringing in thousands of cattle and selling the young progeny. Monrad scoured the whole of the Manawatu for young cattle which could at the time be obtained for 35/- a head, and the resale of these when fattened helped to save the situation. For nineteen years no dividends could be paid by the company.

Among his papers Oscar Monrad left a short account of an

* It is interesting to note that the methods used by the company to develop and hold Maraekowhai were those advocated by Thomas Kelly when he inspected this area in 1892. Narrative of a Journey through the Upper Waitara Valley and Across the Tangarakau Country . . . 1892.

incident which is illustrative of the many unexpected setbacks with which the progress of Maraekowhai was afflicted. He relates:

"Mr Blaramberg had just finished a programme of fencing, and construction of bridges, crossings and tracks when calamity struck the property. I received a message that there had been a tremendous cloudburst that had caused serious damage. Catching the first train I arrived at Taumarunui a little after midnight. A horse was waiting for me there and I rode out in the darkness through the pouring rain.

"The horse was the worst type of animal I ever bestrode and that is praising it. It was a constant effort to keep it on the road. I gave it its head in despair when it had tired me out and it wandered out to the edge of the road and looked down into the Wanganui river far below apparently contemplating suicide. Then it changed its mind and stood looking up the steep bluff apparently wondering whether it should attempt a bit of hill climbing. When at last I got into the road tunnel at the top of the Pohokura saddle it tried to rub me off, first on one side and then on the other. However eventually we got through, and the animal promptly deposited itself in a washout in the middle of the road. We at last emerged from that safely and pushed along to find, when we arrived at the approach to Maraekowhai, that the Whauwhau Creek, which ran into the Ohura river, had submerged the road for a considerable distance and rendered it quite impassable. A boat was eventually found and I arrived at the homestead at 7 a.m. practically exhausted.

"A terrific volume of water had fallen. Large areas of slips had occurred, destroying pasture, fences were wrecked, bridges destroyed and tracks to a great extent obliterated. Practically all the logs lying on the hillsides had been swept down into the gullies and lay there intermixed with soil. Some sheep had perished in the slips while others were bogged down all over the place."

Nature's attempt to retake possession, aided by the heavy rainfall and persistent valley fogs which stimulated native growths was eventually defeated and the carrying capacity increased. An improvement in prices for wool and stock restored confidence in the future. These hopes, however, would have been dispelled and disaster would surely have visited Maraekowhai and the other deteriorated land in the King Country, had not science become allied with the ascertained best method of farming practice. The rescue and renaissance of this country of low-fertility soil was effectively aided by the production by science of commercial quantities of perennial seed of suitable

grasses and clover, the application of these with liberal quantities of superphosphate from the air, and soil analysis to detect any lack of essential trace elements such as cobalt and molybdenum. All these factors together provided a standard of farming practice which became universally followed, and has demonstrated that farmers on country such as Maraekowhai can successfully defeat nature and at the same time increase production to an extent hitherto undreamed of, and that all kinds of stock can be successfully carried on soils of naturally low fertility.

Monrad was always generous in his acknowledgment that during the long history of failure and success on Maraekowhai the company was dependent upon the energy and industry of successive resident farm managers, who expended themselves in physical effort and the mental anxiety accompanying the critical years. To these, C. von Blaramberg, Arthur Sandilands and T. Osborne, he always felt the greatest debt of gratitude for their loyalty and faithful co-operation.

The efforts of Oscar Monrad and his associates on Maraekowhai were as truly pioneer work as those of his grandfather, the Bishop, in the dense primeval forests of the Upper Manawatu. Oscar always considered his work in developing Maraekowhai and converting it from virgin bush and fern covered hill country of low fertility soil to a fully improved farm carrying 12,000 sheep and 1500 cattle to be his most important life work and his greatest contribution to the progress of his country.

(iv) PALMERSTON NORTH

Although he was from 1909 onwards so deeply engrossed in the fluctuations of the struggle to develop and hold Maraekowhai, Oscar Monrad led a busy life in his home city of Palmerston North. Always interested in local affairs he had already had experience on public bodies as a member of the Kairanga County Council and of the Manawatu Drainage Board.

He later referred to his years on the Drainage Board as related to one of the saddest experiences of his life. Christian Voss undertook the construction of a large drain which was to provide an outlet to the Manawatu river for a basin of low-lying land which periodically became flooded. Oscar and many other local Danes worked with Voss. Times were bad, the Board had little money and had to get value in labour for what it had. One firm of sub-contractors drove the men unmercifully. Idle men came down to the job and sat on the edge of the deep cutting waiting for one

of the toilers to drop out from exhaustion and be dismissed. As soon as this happened one of the watchers would jump down and take up his shovel, thankful for the shilling an hour he could earn as long as he lasted.

During the 1914-1918 war Monrad was an enthusiastic member of the Manawatu Patriotic Society, spending considerable time in canvassing for funds and engaging in every activity designed to increase them. He had the distinction of remaining a member of the Society's executive from its inception until his death.

Monrad's intimate knowledge of land and land values made him an obvious choice for membership of the Land Purchase Board which was created to acquire land for returned soldier settlers, and he carried out many valuations for the Board. The making of valuations and recommendations to the Board he found a difficult and exacting task, for he had the utmost sympathy for the returned men and no one understood better than he the difficulties they would encounter. His opinions often ran counter to the current policy of the government.

When the Second World War broke out Monrad redoubled his patriotic efforts and in addition became president of the Anglo-Danish Society which was formed to assist the dependants of Danes in occupied Denmark who had been killed by the invading Germans. There were many Danes in the Manawatu district but these being mainly second and third generation descendants of the early settlers, were entirely integrated with the general population and felt no necessity for associating on a nationalistic basis. Nevertheless their sympathy for their kinsfolk in the old land and the realisation that they were fighting the same foe as their own British born sons resulted in a very effective association which, led by Monrad, accumulated considerable funds. These were handed over to the New Zealand Government or, after the war, transmitted to Denmark. For his work Monrad was awarded the coveted honour of Knight of Dannebrog by the Danish King.

The period of economic prosperity that had attended the First World War was followed by a post-war decline. The state of uncertainty and lack of confidence in the future was accompanied by violent fluctuations in land values, especially in the newly developed districts. The fall in values and difficulties with finance resulted in many of the soldiers he had seen settled being forced to abandon their farms. Monrad was acutely aware of the distress caused and recognised the importance of some basis of value being established.

The opening up of the King Country had involved a large investment of capital, and the gradual deterioration of the recently settled country had ruined many farmers, with consequent loss to investors. Competent advice from qualified valuers was urgently needed.

At that time valuers required no professional qualifications and persons who entered the field of valuation lacking both knowledge and experience were a source of danger to both land owners and lenders. Monrad felt that practical experience of farming, though a necessary prerequisite, was not an adequate qualification for the scientific evaluation of land. Organisation of valuers was also needed to establish some sound common method of valuing, and an extension of knowledge of the principles of valuation was essential to help ensure a recognised standard of values that would help ensure against future dangerous fluctuations.

Monrad felt that the chaotic conditions that existed demanded action and in 1922 was largely instrumental in forming the North Island Land Valuers' Association of which he was elected first president. In this capacity he worked hard to establish a constructive basis of land valuation that would give confidence to those prepared to finance agricultural development.

The influence of the Association in providing stability of land values and public confidence in the future of the farming industry directed increased attention to the necessity for further action in the same direction. As a result the New Zealand Institute of Valuers, which afforded membership to government and private valuers alike, was founded. The Institute absorbed the old Association. In recognition of his eminence in the field of land valuation and his work in connection with the formation of the original Association Monrad was elected a member of the executive of the Institute and became president in 1950. The registration of valuers was initiated, only men of experience and proven ability being admitted. Later it became necessary for applicants for membership to qualify by examination.

Being firmly convinced that the future of the farming industry lay in collaboration with science Monrad was naturally most interested in the establishment and progress of Massey Agricultural College at Palmerston North. His first association with the College was as a co-trustee of the Batchelor Estate which owned a property of 865 acres adjoining the city. This property was acquired in 1926 as a site for the College which was to be the single School of Agriculture in the North Island, absorbing the two schools of agriculture at Wellington and Auckland. These,

it had been found, could not function satisfactorily within the limits imposed by their urban situations.

Monrad was a co-opted member of the council of the College and had a close association with its rapid growth and development, his intimate knowledge of farming practice being of value to the council. Unfortunately he did not live to see the College incorporated in 1963 with Massey University of Manawatu.

The passage of years seemed to have little effect on Monrad's energy or interest in all affairs local or national. He continued wholeheartedly to support all causes that he considered right and for the benefit of his city and country. He had seen Palmerston North grow into a prosperous city of 40,000 people; he had seen the surrounding countryside gradually transformed from bushland to a closely settled district of dairy and sheep farms and he had assisted that transformation first with his own hands and then with advice and guidance out of the wisdom of a life's experience.

Throughout his life he had been a devout Christian. Until his marriage he had adhered to the Lutheran faith of his Danish kinsfolk. After his marriage he had become a member of the Church of England, and had been for forty years an officer of All Saints' Church in Palmerston North. He always referred to his confirmation in the Lutheran faith while in Denmark with his father in 1885 as one of the most impressive events of his life.

Monrad's personal integrity and strong and unblemished character gained him the respect of all with whom he came in contact and his fellow-citizens recognised in him one of nature's gentlemen. His tall robust figure and handsome face with deep-set kindly blue eyes seemed to have become one of the permanencies of the city.

I have found amongst his papers the following notes written at the age of 83 which are expressive of his philosophy of life:

"One is intensely grateful to his Maker for being allowed to contribute one's small share in the development of his country and to be able to say 'Thank You for one's creation and preservation,' and feels gratitude for still being able to take an active part.

"The Christian philosophy of life, coupled with a desire to create and develop alone will give satisfaction, repose of mind, and in this world of conflict, peace."

It was with a sense of personal loss that the citizens of Palmerston North and his friends far afield heard of his death on 28 April, 1958, in his 88th year.

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New Zealand was the poorer for the passing of a man of unshakeable integrity, and kindly nature, one who always had a keen sense of responsibility to his fellow-men, who had made a definite contribution to the progress and welfare of his country, and who, throughout his life had followed a resolution his grandfather had made in early days, "I will set my sails according to my convictions."

Oscar Monrad left three children to carry on the family tradition, two sons, Harold Gothard (Guy), and Viggo, and one daughter, Frida Mountain.

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